Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher. "HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE." Terms, $2 per year, in advance.

VOLUME XII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1878. NUMBER 37.

THE GREAT ALTOONA

Clothing Depot

WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH AN

All-Wool COAT for $1.75,

Well worth four times the amount;

A Man's Suit, lined throughout, for $3.50

—Cheap at Six Dollars.

A PAIR MEN'S HEAVY PANTS FOR 65 CTS.

A Pair Men's Overalls for 25c.

A Suit of Heavy Underclothing for 50c.

A Good Calico Shirt for 25c.

MEN'S HATS AND CAPS

FROM FORTY CENTS UP.

Trunks and Satchels

From Seventy Five Cents Up.

Cents' FURNISHING GOODS

—THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY.

LADIES' FANCY GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS,
LINEN SUITS,
PARASOLS, &c.,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,
OIL AND PAPER BLINDS,

Down to the Lowest Notch in Price.

☞ It is such low prices as above quoted that attract such large crowds to this CHEAP CASH STORE, and ought to convince every person that money can be saved by dealing with

CHAS. SIMON, 1307 Eleventh Ave.,

Opposite Elwey's Merchant Tailor Shop,

Altoona, Pa.

C. SIMON & CO.,

ALTOONA, PA.,

BEFORE BUYING ELSEWHERE!

GRAND DRY GOODS SALE

—FOR THE NEXT—

30 DAYS.

Stair Carpets, 7, 15, 25, 35c.
Good Hemp Carpet, yard wide, 15, 18, 20.
Good Ingrain Carpet, 25, 35, 45c.
Oil Cloths for Tables and Floors, 20, 30, 40, 45c.
Window Shades, 30 cts. per Roll.
Window Shade Fixtures, Very Cheap.
Oil Blinds, with Gilt Borders, $1.00 per pair.
Linen Suits and Ulsters, at 10 to 50 per cent. reduction.

DRESS GOODS At Wonderful Low Prices. GOODS

Ladies' and Children's Hats, 5 cts. and upward.
Also, Corsets, Ribbons, Ruchings, &c., which will be slaughtered for the next 30 days.
Our Black Cashmere cannot be excelled in quality or price.

☞ Don't miss this opportunity, but come now and bring your cash, as we don't sell on credit.

C. SIMON & CO.,

11th Ave. & 13th St., Altoona.

S. B. CORN, Salesman.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 and 115 Clinton Street, Johnstown,

ALWAYS HAVE THE

LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

TO BE FOUND IN CAMBRIA COUNTY.

☞ Don't Forget the Street and Number.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN BRADLEY, dec'd.

Letters of administration on the estate of John Bradley, late of Loretto borough, Cambria county, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned, who hereby gives notice to all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

MARY ANN BRADLEY, Adm'x.

Loretto, Sept. 6, 1878-6t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JOHN MCHUGH, dec'd.

Having been granted letters testamentary on the estate of John McHugh, late of Munster township, Cambria county, deceased, the undersigned hereby calls upon all persons indebted to said estate to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same should present them fully substantiated for settlement.

THOMAS D. POWER, Executor.

Munster Twp., Sept. 6, 1878-6t.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law.* Ebensburg, Pa. Office on Centre street, three doors from High street. 18-27, 12-1

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

COLLEGIATE and COMMERCIAL

INSTITUTE

General Russell's School, New Haven, Ct. 44th year. Preparatory to College, Scientific Schools or Business. Thorough physical training by military training, gymnastics, etc. Full information sent on application. Send for circular, with age of applicant.

PIANO Beautiful Sq. Grand Pianos, price $1,000, only $275. Magnificent Upright Pianos, price $1,000, only $275. Elegant Upright Pianos, price $300, only $175. Pianos, 7 octave, $125, $75, $125. New Styles. Organs $35. Organs, 9 stops, $57.50. Church ORGAN 16 stops, price $300, only $115. Elegant $375 Mirror Top Organs only $105. Beautiful Parlor Organ, price $340, only $95. Fraud Exposed. $500 reward. Read "Traps for the Unwary" and Newspaper about cost of Pianos and Organs, sent FREE. Please address Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.

20 Chromo Cards (perfect beauties) with name, 10c. Outfit, 10c. Turner Card Co., Ashland, Mass.

$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fireside Visitor. Terms and Outfit Free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

SWEET Chewing JACKSON'S BEST NAVY Tobacco

Awarded highest prize at Centennial Exposition for fine chewing qualities and excellence and lasting character of sweetening and flavoring. The best tobacco ever made. As our blue strip trademark is closely imitated on inferior goods, see that *Jackson's Best* is on every plug. Sold by all dealers. Send for circular, &c., to C. A. Jackson & Co., Mfrs., [illegible]sburg, Va.

G. F. WARDLE, Phila., Pa., General Agents.

20 CARDS, all Snowflake, 10c., or 30 Chromos, 10c., with name. J. B. Husted, Nassau, N.Y.

Price, TEN CENTS.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING

116th Edition.

Containing a complete list of all the towns in the United States, the Territories and the Dominion of Canada, having a population greater than 5,000 according to the last census, together with the names of the newspapers having the largest local circulation in each of the places named. Also, a catalogue of newspapers which are recommended to advertisers as giving greatest value in proportion to prices charged. Also, the Religious and Agricultural Journals, very complete lists, and many tables of rates, showing the cost of advertising in various newspapers, and much other information which a beginner in advertising would do well to possess. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., Newspaper Advertising Bureau, 10 Spruce street, New York.

"CANDEE"

PURE GUM

RUBBER BOOTS

being free from adulterative mixtures, will give longer service than common Rubber Boots.

Their great popularity has led to many cheap imitations, having a DELL FINISH, but this season the

"CANDEE" CO.

WILL

VARNISH

Their PURE GUM BOOTS, and to distinguish them from the common kind, will attach a RUBBER LABEL on the front of the leg, bearing the inscription

CUSTOM MADE.
PURE GUM.

These Boots have the **Patent Metal Heel Plate**, which prevents the heel wearing away so quickly, and they will have also the patent

Outside Stationary Strap

Instead of the very inconvenient web inside strap, used on other makes of Boots.

ASK FOR THE

"CANDEE" BOOT.

DR. C. W. GLEASON'S

RESTORATIVE REMEDIES!

DR. GLEASON'S LUNG RESTORATIVE is a POSITIVE CURE for Coughs, Colds and early stages of Consumption. Take it in time. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S LIVER RESTORATIVE is a SURE CURE for Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Indigestion, &c., &c. Test it. Sample bottles, 25 Cents.

DR. GLEASON'S STOMACH RESTORATIVE Cures DYSPEPSIA.

DR. GLEASON'S GOLDEN ELIXIR, OR UNIVERSAL TONIC, an invaluable and invigorating Tonic for the Cure of DEBILITY and BROKEN DOWN CONSTITUTIONS.

DR. GLEASON'S SALINE APERIENT acts on the Kidneys and cleanses the system of all morbid matter. Invaluable medicine.

DR. GLEASON'S LAXATIVE WAFERS, highly Aromatic. Cures HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, Piles, &c. Sample box, 25 Cents.

☞ *For Sale by all Druggists.* ☜

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

August 2, 1878.-6m.e.o.w.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of F. J. Christy, Executor of F. X. Christy, deceased, as shown by his first and partial account, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 19th day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 1 o'clock, P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they see proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 4, 1878.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to report distribution of the funds in the hands of Chas. Baxton, Administrator of Israel Goughnour, late of Jackson, township, dec'd, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on MONDAY, the 21st day of OCTOBER, 1878, at 2 P. M., when and where all parties interested may attend if they think proper.

ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.

Ebensburg, Oct. 4, 1878.-3t.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of THOMAS HERTZOG, dec'd.

Whereas letters testamentary on the estate of Thomas Hirtzog, late of Carroll township, dec'd, have been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same without delay to

LEWIS J. BRAKER, Executor.

Susquehanna Twp., Sept. 19, 1878-6t.

A LAWYER'S STORY.

A client of the law firm with which I was connected in Lincoln, Nebraska, had died, leaving a very large property, worth nearly $500,000, to be held in trust until the heir or heirs could be discovered.

I was anxious to find the heirs, not only for pecuniary motives, but because I was made deeply interested in them by the recital of the story which the client, Marvis Gray, had told to me on the day of his death. His breath was almost spent when I stood by his bedside and listened attentively to catch the low sound of his voice, as he whispered the sad tale of an erring son whom he had driven from his home in England. He had sent him from his home one dark night, twelve years before, because of his drunken habits, and he had never seen him since. He had heard from him but once in all these long years; then he was an officer aboard a ship plying between Liverpool and New York. Though he had searched the world over he could get no trace of his son, and finally worn out by incessant grief and traveling, he lay down in the far West among strangers, to die without having accomplished the one great desire of his aching heart.

As the death dew was gathering on his brow, he finished his story, and, with an indescribable look of agony, asked me to swear to take up the work where he had left it, and devote my life, if need be, to the finding of his son, if living. I should receive $20,000 when he was found.—Young and romantic, my sympathies were fully aroused; so with my hand clasp in the nervous grasp of the dying man, I promised never to give up the search until the lost one was found.

Mr. Gray had made such disposition of his property that I could draw my traveling expenses; so I commenced the important task the day after his untimely death.

I took the cars at Lincoln and was soon in Crete, a small station in Nebraska.—Here I changed to the stage coach bound for Hobler's ranche, fifteen miles to the north. As we were traveling along at a rate of speed for which Western stage coaches are renowned, I tried to shape some definite course to pursue, and had almost decided to retrace my journey to Lincoln and start for the Eastern States, when my thoughts were diverted from the subject by the sudden upsetting of the lumbering vehicle. We had been treading our way around the edge of a gulch, when the shying of one of the horses sent the coach and contents in a heap to the bottom. I was conscious of falling, and then all was blank.

When I recovered my consciousness, I was in a pleasant though plainly furnished room, through the door of which I could see a pale-faced woman sewing near a table. At the same time she was sweetly humming a baby song and rocking an old-fashioned cradle with her foot. It was an interesting picture, and made me think of my own childhood, with my mother singing baby Nell to sleep. I tried to think how I came to be there, and wondered if I had died and was in heaven.

As my thoughts turned to myself I tried to rise, when an acute pain in my side made me cry out in agony. Then the sweet face of the woman was over my pillow, and tender eyes looked pitying into mine as she asked me if I felt much pain. Her voice so low and sweet, made me forget my suffering, and I asked where I was and how I came there.

"Don't you remember your falling into the gulch with the stage coach yesterday?" she asked.

"Oh, now I remember," I replied. "I was going to Hobler's ranche when we were all tipped into that gulch and killed."

"No' not killed," she said, smiling at my serious tone; "but badly bruised; and Marvin brought you here for me to nurse back to life, for you were almost gone when he got you out of the wreck."

I was going to ask who Marvin was, but she said I must not talk any more until the fever had left me.

The following week was a period of great suffering to me, but my faithful nurse did all that could be done to make my surroundings pleasant for my rational moments. I was conscious of the presence of a young man at my bedside, and knew he was the "Marvin" who had brought me from the gulch.

Near the end of the second week after the accident the fever left me, and I began to recover. Up to that time I had been unable to converse except with great pain, but on this afternoon, when the fever was all out of my system, I could talk as well as usual. My recovery was slow, and for many days I was compelled to keep to my bed; but at last I was permitted to sit up, braced by pillows, in the big arm chair.

One day, while sitting thus, watching Mrs. Warde, my nurse, at her work, I asked how she and her husband came to settle in such a wild country. She replied that it was a long story and might tire me too much; but I assured her that it would not, so she paused for a moment and then said:

"When I promised to be Marvin's wife he was a sailor, on shore for a short vacation. He was not rich, but we loved each other, and were full of hope for the future. Marvin was to make one more trip to Liverpool, and then return and make me his wife. We parted, both vowing to remain true to our love vows. But he had not been away a week before mother was taken sick, our only horse was stolen, and father broke his leg, so he could not work. I toiled all day and far into the night, but I could not earn bread enough for the little brothers and sisters and buy the medicine that sick mother must have. In our hour of distress, my father's employer, Mr. Ennot, hearing of our need, sent the doctor for mother, and food for the children. I was grateful for his kindness, but when he asked me to marry him, I fled from his presence. He sought me again, and said, 'For the sake of your father and sick mother, Jenny, can you not be my wife?' I thought of Marvin away on the sea, and my heart made me say no. Then came the news of a terrible storm at sea, and Marvin's ship was among those that had gone down. Again Mr. Ennot renewed his offer. My father argued and commanded, but I could not forget Marvin's love.—Mother did not say a word, but when she looked into my face, I knew she wanted me to yield for the children's sake. Tho' my heart should break I could not refuse her mute appeal, so I gave over and promised to be his wife; but my heart was on the sea.

"The day appointed for the wedding came, and everything was ready; guests had been bidden, tables spread, musicians engaged, and floors prepared for active feet. We were to be married at the church, then go for the grand feast at Mr. Ennot's house. I was sitting mournfully at the window of my little room all dressed and ready to go, when I saw my Marvin approaching. I could hardly believe my eyes till he said, 'I have come back to save you, Jenny,' and as he took me from the window in his great strong arms, and pressed me to his breast, I forgot the sorrow of the past and laughed and cried for joy.

Mrs. Warde stopped for a moment to brush away the tears that the memory of that meeting brought to her eyes, then continued:

"Marvin had heard in the village below of the reported loss of his ship, and of my approaching marriage, and had lost no time in coming to me. Once in his presence I could not resist him, so away we went to the church and, just as Mr. Ennot and his friends came, we were pronounced man and wife.

"I can never forget the scene that followed. Mr. Ennot stamped and swore, and tore his hair in his awful anger; then turning to Marvin, as we were leaving the church, he raised his hand towards heaven and swore a vow of eternal hatred to us both. I was badly frightened, but Marvin thought it only an idle threat, and soon forgot it. My parents would have nothing to do with me, and so we went to work in a large factory in a neighboring city. We were doing well till Mr. Ennot found us out and influenced our employer so that we were discharged. We then moved to a little town in a distant State, and had just got nicely settled when Mr. Ennot again found us out—so we lost that situation. We commenced in another and then another, but with the same result. Mr. Ennot was rich, and followed us from place to place, using his money in circulating stories that deprived us of work, and made honest people turn from us. Oh, those were dark days for us!" she exclaimed and again stopped to control her emotion.

I had found the tears running down my own cheeks while listening to her low tones when she spoke of moving, then again the blood would fairly boil within my veins while she was telling of the persecutions they received from Ennot. But I was all attention when she continued:

"We tried different factories in all parts of the country, but it was no use. The undying hate of that man followed us like a shadow, and for four years we were constantly moving from one town to another. At last we left the East, changed our name and settled here in the wild West, so far away from my dear old home and friends."

At the mention of the old home, convulsive sobs choked her utterance, and it was some time before she resumed her interesting story.

"Under our new name we were safe from discovery, and would have done very well if Marvin had been experienced in ranche work, but he was not used to the country, and did not succeed as well as others have. Then baby was born, my health became poor, and I could not help longing for a look into my dear old mother's face. Marvin, too, who was driven from his father's house twelve years ago for dissipated habits, wished to hear from home again. He wrote two letters last year, but as he received no answer, he now thinks his father is dead, for Mr. Gray was old.

"Gray?" I asked interrupting her.

"Yes. Marvin Gray, my husband's father," she replied, wondering at my growing excitement.

"Was it Marvin Gray, of Highcliff Castle, Hampshire, England?" I questioned, hardly able to keep my seat.

"The very same."

"Then I have been searching for your husband. Marvin Gray is dead, but long before he died he forgave his son, and was searching for him, that he might tell him he was forgiven, and give him a father's blessing."

Marvin came in from his work just in time to hear this of his father, and dropping on his knees beside his wife, who had borne so much for his sake, he poured forth a fervent prayer to the One who had guided and watched over them through all the long dreary years of their wanderings.

But little more remains to be told. They easily proved their identity, and received the property which belonged to them.—And had you, kind reader, gone with them to that Eastern State, you might have witnessed a joyful meeting, when the daughter, so longed for, returned to her aged parents' home, where they now reside, having no fears of molestation from Mr. Ennot, who choked to death during an encounter he had with the end of a rope in the hands of an infuriated people among whom he had been living, away on the Western border.

WANDERINGS OF AN OLD VIOLIN.—Among the New Yorkers who fought in the Mexican war was a musician named Boyd, whose skill with the bow was often turned to account when time hung heavy in camp or the spirits of the boys drooped. After the capture of the capital Boyd met a Mexican officer who told him of an old and highly prized violin, the property of another officer. He hunted up the owner, and found that the instrument was a genuine Cremona. Every grain bore unmistakable evidences of age, and Boyd determined to secure it and carry it home as a trophy. All offers of barter were indignantly refused by the Mexican, and the American was obliged to obtain by foul means what he could not by fair. He carried the instrument home and used it for several years, but its history was kept secret until in time of adversity he was compelled, to part with it. It went into the possession of a Mr. Barnes, who paid three hundred dollars for it. It descended to his son, Dr. R. A. Barnes of Richmond. During its travels it had been shattered to fragments, and was no longer of any practical value. Mr. A. B. Clark, a virtuoso of much experience, saw it on exhibition, and exchanged it for a fine instrument of his own make. By three months labor he has restored it to its original shape and tone. The back and neck are new, but the frame and top were made by Nicholas Ammatis, in 1637. The violin is one of the small Ammatis, and is remarkable for the very large arch and deep belly. The tone is soft and sweet, but very powerful, growing louder as the listener recedes, until he is beyond a point where an ordinary instrument would be inaudible.

WHEN a man is making love to a widow, he always feels as if he had to begin where the other fellow left off.

The Boy Who Wanted a Drink.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* fiend, in describing a recent railway journey, says: Moreover, I saw the boy who wanted a drink—a restless, questioning, uneasy, thirsty boy. He let the window fall on his fingers before the train had gone a mile. He stood out on the platform until he was encrusted two inches deep with ashes and dust and cinders. He went to the water-cooler and got a drink; then he came back and told his mother he was hot, and went back and got another drink. He drank about four times per mile, seldom oftener, unless he was suddenly seized with an uncontrolable spasm of thirst. If he was drinking and somebody else came after a drink, the boy would suddenly seize the cup he had just sat down and refill it, and drink as though he had wrapped his stomach in the desert of Sahara, glaring suspiciously over the top of the cup at the waiting passengers as he drank.

When he was in his seat he watched the aisle narrowly, and if he saw any passenger get up and move toward the water-cooler he would jump up and race for it. If he got there first, he would drink and snore over the cup until thirsty passengers forgot what he went down there for. People began to wonder how much the boy was gauged for and if he wasn't rather straining his capacity. The remotest hint or suggestion was sufficient to send him to the cooler. When the train ran over a creek, the water made him think of his thirst. When it rattled over a long stretch of prairie, the absence of water drove him mad. I was afraid the supply of water would give out before the boy was filled up, and he was a rather small boy, too. His interior circumference, I think, must have enclosed an area double in extent to that enclosed by the exterior belt. Near Wasecn, we run nearly a mile without the boy making a stop at the tank.

I grew very nervous now for I was fearful that during such an unheard of abstinence from water, his pumps would run dry, rust out, and he might blow up. So I leaned over the edge of the seat and said, carelessly:

"By George, but I *am* thirsty. I wonder if there is any water on this car?"

You want to understand me now, as recording very plainly, and without any mental reservation, the fact that that boy's mother, sitting beside him, was no fool. Her eyes snapped when she heard my careless and innocent remark, she took in every syllable of it, and she turned on me in a flash with:

"I wish you would mind your own business and leave my boy alone."

A low, mocking murmur of applause went through the car, a little of it for the indignant mother, some of it for the charity boy, but most of it for me. She suppressed yours truly very successfully, but it was too late. Long before she finished that brief sentence, her boy was down at the water-cooler, holding his eyes tight shut to keep the water from running out of them, while he flooded his system as though he had taken a contract to keep up a perennial Baptist revival inside of himself.

—A new association, known as the English Labor Association, is now being formed in Washington city. It is proposed to urge upon Congress the passage of a law by which 100,000 volunteers may be enlisted for five years, for military and agricultural purposes on the reservations of the Government. Twelve skilled mechanics or artisans are to be in each company, and one regiment of each corps is to be engineers exclusively. As soon as 10,000 men shall be enlisted, they shall be sent to the reservations, and upon their arrival shall lay out a city, and begin the erection of suitable quarters for a permanent settlement, preparing ground for agricultural purposes, and developing the mineral resources of the country. Each corps to be furnished by the Government with seed, stock, farming implements and tools. Volunteers are to receive the same pay as regular soldiers, and every person so enlisting shall, upon honorable discharge, be entitled to a patent for one hundred and sixty acres of land, as now provided for by the Homestead act, or to one lot within the limits of the city, as he may elect. Every alternate lot is to be reserved to the United States.

"SAVE MAMMA."—Capt. Roscoe Burke, of the steamer Henry Clay, plying between Cincinnati and Wabash, relates the following:

Down on the Mississippi, near St. Louis, one of his boilers exploded or collapsed in backing away from a wood wharf and the steamer was sinking. Many of the passengers had leaped overboard, some with life-preservers and some without. Among the latter, who had been swept over by the wildly rushing mass of humanity, were a boy of 12 years and his mother. A man upon the stern of the boat, seeing the boy buffeting the troubled waves, attempted to throw him a rope, and at the same time crying out to him to catch it and save himself.

"No! no!" cried the little hero, pointing to a woman who struggled resolutely close by his side, "save my mamma and let me go! I can swim and she cannot."

Both were saved, and we can readily believe that boy was a hero in all honor while he remained on board. That his mother was proud and found of him, worshipping him from the depths of her heart, was evident to all.

AN AFFECTING SENTENCE.—Judge——, of the—— judicial district of Arkansas, had brought before him a convicted felon to be sentenced. The opportunity to "improve" the occasion was not to be lost, and so, after the usual demand for reason why sentence should not be pronounced, his honor, slowly and with genuine feeling addressed the prisoner: "My poor fellow, you are about to go to the penitentiary. You are required to give up for a long term everything which the great world values: your *family*—and instead to take for your associates only felons like yourself; your *home*—and to take instead what can never have the semblance of a home; you *will*—and so be subject to order of men who have no sympathy with you. Even your ordinary clothing you will exchange for [here his honor hesitated, and raising his left arm, pointed to it with the index finger of the right hand]—you will exchange for striped clothes, the stripes running not lengthwise, like these, but so—*round and round, like a coon's tail.*"—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Word to Democratic Greenbackers.

This is no time for political experiments, in wandering off after strange gods by Democrats who have kept the faith and made the good fight in the long years that the Republican party has managed to control the government, first by fanaticism, then by force, and lastly by fraud. Judge Thurman in a speech he made at London, Ohio, a few nights ago, said:

Everywhere I have been in the State I have found the party solid as one man. No party was ever so well conditioned. If we lose this election it will be because we have not done our duty to the cause we love, because we like our ease better than we do our party. Let every Democrat do his duty at the next election, and we are certain of victory.

After the 4th of March next there will be a Democratic Senate in the United States.

What a strange change, my friends.—When I entered the Senate there were but seven Democrats therein. After the 4th of March next we will have a majority of six. The Democratic House has been the means of accomplishing some grand results. It was the means of restoring the silver coinage to circulation; it was the cause of putting a stop to military interference with the elections of the State.

These things would have never been accomplished had they been left to the Republicans. If a Democratic House has done so much, what may we expect when we have both branches of Congress?

This being the case, my friends, I believe that every one of you who believes in Democratic principles—every one who believes that the Republican policy is not a wise policy, believes there should be change in our administration. I appeal to you to see that you elect a solid Democrat for this Congressional district this fall. Of what use are your Democratic principles if they are not carried into effect. Do you ever reflect that your influence in general government is confined to one day in two years? It is only one day in this time that you have a right to decide what man you will have to make your laws. When you put in your ballot, if on that paper is inscribed the name of a Republican, how can you say that you have sought to carry Democratic principles into effect?

Faith is shown by works. The man who sincerely believes in the principles of a Democratic party will see that he votes for the man who will carry those principles into effect.

These words will answer as well for Pennsylvania as for Ohio. Let Democrats who are impatient at the slow results that follow their adherence to Democratic principles and support of the Democratic organization, look at what we have achieved in nine years:

In 1869, the Democrats in the United States Senate, numbered but eight Senators, while in the House of Representatives we had but seventy-one Representatives.—There was more than a two thirds Radical majority in both branches, and that party in Congress was supreme as the law making power. The President's veto, as Andrew Johnson found out, was a useless prerogative. This was the Congress that passed the act nullifying the contract with the bondholders, and making the bonds payable in gold or silver coin; by another act of repudiation afterwards changed by this same Republican party, in demonetizing silver, to gold coin.

But look at the results brought about by faithful adherence to the Democratic party and our constant appeals to the patriotism and good sense of the people. We have had control of the House of Representatives since December, 1875; the Senate is a tie, and after the fourth of March next, will be Democratic by a majority of not less than ten and possibly fourteen. The law-making power of the nation will be under the control of the Democrratic party in five months.—Heretofore, having only one house of Congress, our power on legislation was but of a negative character. After the fourth of March next it will be positive and controlling. Then the Democracy will be responsible for the laws that are made, for the first time in nearly twenty years.

In 1869, the only States the Democrats controlled, as indicated by the elections of Governor, were Connecticut, California, Delaware, New Jersey and New York, five in all. All the rest were under Radical rule. Now, out of the *thirty-eight* States in the Union, the Democracy control *twenty-four*, leaving the Republicans but *thirteen*, not counting Maine, which may have a Democratic or Greenback Governor, but is certain not to have a Republican.

THE SLANDERERS OF COFFROTH.—A correspondent of the Bedford *Gagette* reads a lecture to a couple of radical newspaper libellers of that county which would apply with much more force to the unsanctified case of the Johnstown *Tribune*. Hear is what he says:

BEDFORD, Oct. 1, 1878.—I have been a careful and constant reader for a number of years of the Bedford *Inquirer* and *Gazette*, and always received them worthy of the appellation of decent papers. But, sir, I am sorry that they no longer deserve such credit at the hands of the public. In the language of a distinguished Republican of this county, they have forgotten their missions and have gone to slandering and blackguarding. Look at the ungentlemanly and untruthful attacks they are making on Gen. Coffroth. Without the shadow of proof they invent and publish the most damnable falsehoods in order to traduce his most excellent character. They find their old ship of state rapidly sinking, and they have gone into wholesale slander and lying. Political slander should be kept out of a respectable newspaper. Every issue of those sheets is full of these foul and criminal charges, and they are using every effort to rob him of his good name and reputation. The people are disgusted with this stealing, stabbing and slanderous manner of trying to uphold a hopeless cause. Why, sir, they are trying to make the people believe that Gen. Coffroth is one of the greatest criminals in the world. It has been my good fortune to know Gen. Coffroth personally and intimately for many years, and I know him to be an honest man in every sense of the word.

Gen. Coffroth is a self-made man and has the confidence of his fellow-men at home and abroad. No man stands higher for stability of character and integrity of purpose in Somerset county than Gen. Coffroth. He has made a reputation and established a practice that he may well be proud of, and these slanderous charges and misrepresentations will not be able to defeat him. He is the friend of the poor man and always proved true to their interests. He is sound on the money question and in favor of an honest dollar alike for the poor and the rich. The people of this district have been wronged and insulted by the votes of Campbell against their interests and in favor of the moneyed aristocracy, and yet the editors of the above sheets are trying to traduce Gen. Coffroth's character after the fair, open and honest statement he made with substantial documentary evidence to sustain him to the satisfaction of the most rigid minds. Let them go ahead; his character is beyond the reach of slander, and the people of this district will fling these slanderous stories back into the laps of his traducers by electing Gen. Coffroth to the seat he once held when it was not safe for man to be a Democrat.

A VINDICATOR OF TRUTH.

AN Indianapolis barber who abandoned his business and went into the ministry, was suddenly called upon one Sunday to baptize three candidates. He got along very well, but after baptizing the first astonished his congregation by lustily shouting, "Next!"

A Third Party a Delusion.

"In the present state of the country," says the Erie *Observer*, "a third party is a delusion—a snare set to catch unsuspecting voters for the benefit of the Republican organization." "Any laboring man," said Hon. John F. Follett, at Hamilton, Ohio, on Tuesday, "who at this election bends his neck to the Republican yoke should never again complain of burden and distress." The same can be said of the men who are deluded into a third party organization. There is not an act upon the statute books the third party leaders complain of that, at the time it was passed by the Republicans, was not opposed by the Democrats of the Senate and House. There is not an essential measure advocated in their platforms that the Democrats in the last and present Congress did not attempt to engraft upon the policy of the country. Democratic voters passed the silver bill—Democratic voters made the present greenback issue a permanent part of the currency of the country, and gave to it its only and first recognition as 'money' in time of peace. Democratic voters wrested from Jay Gould and the Pacific Railroad ring their power over Congress, and secured the ultimate payment to the Government of more than two hundred and seventeen millions of dollars that would otherwise have been retained by that giant monopoly.—Democratic voters lifted carpet bag rule from the necks of the Southern people, and remanded back the army to its legitimate use, the protection of the frontier. Democratic voters have compelled the Interior Department to take measures to recover from railroad corporations more than a million acres of the public domain given to them during the past fifteen years in the shape of land grants. In fact there is not an evil brought upon the country during the Grant rule, susceptible of being remedied by Congressional action, that the Democrats since they obtained control of the House have not tried to remove. That they have not succeeded in every measure of reform introduced, is because the Senate and the Executive have been against them. One of these impediments will be removed on the 4th of March next, and the other two years thereafter, if the voters who won the victory in 1876 stand firm.

With these facts so plain that he who runs may read, the organization of a third party, with objects ostensibly the same as those already begun and half accomplished by the Democratic party in Congress, can have but one object—the perpetuation of Republican rule in the state and nation by dividing the Democratic vote. Out of 293 members of the 46th Congress to be elected this fall, a third party—no matter how disguised—cannot secure a solitary member without uniting with one of the other old parties. By dividing the Democratic vote afew Republicans may be elected in close districts that would otherwise not be, and thus the House thrown into the hands of the third term Grant party. If that is what the managers of the National Greenback party want, a proclamation to that effect would be both manly and honest. Voters would know just what they voted for.—They would not be fooled with soft phrases about "reform," and promises that can never be kept without the aid of the very party they are seeking to defeat, for whatever the fate of the next House, the Senate at the close of the 45th Congress will contain a Democratic majority of at least ten, and with that majority the party will "hold the fort" for ten years at least against all assaults, whether led by Grant, or Butler, or both combined!

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.—The following story is true in every detail:

A milliner of respectability married a dissipated tailor, who abused, neglected and abandoned her. Several years having passed without a clue to his whereabouts, her friends advised divorce and her acceptance of an advantageous offer of marriage. The woman persistently declined every offer, and when she had accumulated a sufficient sum, started off in the direction her husband was supposed to have taken when he left her. At Hollifax, N. S., she received a slight clue, and took the steamer to Portland, where she ceased for many months to hear of him. Finally, she found that he was working in Albany, for which place she started immediately. She was about a week too late; he had been discharged for drunkenness. Spending her days at lucrative work and evenings at detective service, the unwearying wife at length discovered that he was employed by a large firm in Chicago. She wrote there and was answered that her husband had gone away, nobody knew where. Not satisfied with this, she traveled to Chicago and ransacked every concern interested in the tailoring business there, until she met a fellow-countryman, who said that her husband, when last heard from was in Omaha City. She wrote there, but got no answer, but went on. Then she heard that he had certainly left for San Francisco, where he had obtained a fine place as cutter in a large firm. She of course went thither, only to be told that her husband had been several days away from work and was drinking hard. He had not been even to his boarding house. This led her to visit the station-houses, and in one of them she ascertained that her husband was in jail for ten days. He was released, and prevailed upon to return home after six years' absence. All this occurred eighteen years ago, and to day the prodigal husband of yore is a strict temperance man and in independent circumstances, a model husband and father and a respected citizen.—*N. Y. Sun*

PERILS OF NEVADA TRAVEL.—A traveler while crossing the White Pine Mountains recently came near losing his life by a waterspout that descended in that vicinity. He was following a trail on horseback down the mountain side, when he heard a rumbling noise above him, and turning discovered that a vast volume of water at least ten feet high was rapidly approaching him. There was now only one chance of escape, and that was to jump from his animal and climb one of the steep banks which rose abruptly on either side of the trail, which he did just in time to save his life. The horse was taken by the flood and rolled and tumbled down the ravine some hundred yards, where the owner found him, after the water had subsided, lodged among the rocks and rubbish, dead. The poor animal was bruised and torn in a frightful manner, and stripped of everything but the rope that was fastened about his neck. It was a narrow escape.—*Reno (Nev.) Sun.*

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - - OCT. 11, 1878.

Democratic State Ticket.

FOR GOVERNOR,
ANDREW H. DILL, of Union County.
FOR LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR,
JOHN FERTIG, of Crawford County.
FOR SUPREME JUDGE,
HENRY P. ROSS, of Montgomery County.
SECRETARY INTERNAL AFFAIRS,
J. SIMPSON AFRICA, of Huntingdon.

Democratic District Ticket.

FOR CONGRESS,
GEN. A. H. COFFROTH, of Somerset.

Democratic County Ticket.

ASSEMBLY,
L. D. WOODRUFF, Conemaugh Borough;
JOHN FENLON, Ebensburg.
REGISTER AND RECORDER,
JOHN G. LAKE, Ebensburg.
TREASURER,
DR. A. YEAGLEY, Johnstown.
COMMISSIONERS,
JOHN CAMPBELL, Conemaugh Borough;
GEORGE GURLEY, Ebensburg.
POOR DIRECTOR,
JESSE PATTERSON, Johnstown.
SURVEYOR,
HENRY SCANLAN, Carrolltown.
AUDITORS,
PHILIP. D. SKELLY, Portage Twp.;
PATRICK DILLON, Elder Twp.

WE have only space, briefly to give the latest returns from Tuesday's elections. In Ohio the Republican State ticket is elected by probably 7,000, while the Democrats elect 11 Congressmen to 9 Republicans—a Democratic gain of 3. In Indiana the Democratic State ticket has 12,000 majority and a gain of 2 Congressmen. We cannot speak definitely of the Legislature. There is no change in Iowa, all the Congressmen being *Republicans*, the same men.—In West Virginia there is no change, all three members of Congress being Democrats. The Greenback vote in Ohio and Indiana fell far short of the estimate.

THE widely known and eloquent Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, will address the people of Lancaster city on Saturday evening of next week, on the question, "Why should Don Cameron be United States Senator?" This is the richest kind of a subject with which a competent speaker like Mr. Dougherty can grapple, and if he can't furnish his audience with reasons as thick as blackberries why Don Cameron never ought to have been, and never again should be, elected Senator, we know of no other man in Pennsylvania who is capable of doing so.

REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE, a Protestant clergyman, of Brooklyn, has ways peculiar to himself in the pulpit, and is widely known for the sensational character of his discourses. On last Sunday week he preached a sermon on Communism, especially a sit developed itself in Paris after the downfall of Louis Napoleon at Sedan, in which he drew a very graphic picture of some of its horrors. He entertains no fear of Communism in this country, for the reason that he regards the Catholic Church as an impassable obstacle in the path of its progress. After describing the scenes attending the brutal murder of the brave and devoted Archbishop of Paris by the infamous agents of the Commune, he continued:

"I tell you, my friends, the mightiest barrier against the march of Communism to-day is the priesthood of the Roman Catholic Church.—There is not a convent or a monastery on earth, or on land, from the Pope of Leo at Rome to the poorest Roman Catholic servant girl in your kitchen, who can ever forget the inhuman, heartless, heaven-daring massacre of the Archbishop of Paris."

SAM'L R. MASON, the Greenback-Labor candidate for Governor, declared in a speech in Philadelphia last week that he could never consent to disgrace himself by appearing on the same platform with Dennis Kearney. If Dennis would now give Mason a Rowland for his Oliver, by protesting that he would never so far forget his high station as to appear on the same stand with Mason, wouldn't the honors between the two leaders, as they say in playing the game of "whist," be *easy*.—The last news we had of Kearney was that ten days ago he addressed a mixed audience in East Boston, when, in the midst of one of his bold flights of natural and national eloquence, good sized onions and small sized potatoes began to fly, when the apostle from California meekly vociferated: "Oh! you miserable, blood-sucking bummers! Oh! you sneaking thieves and political cut-throats! If I could find the dirty, contemptible whelp who threw that *onion*, I'd shoot him as I would a dog." Then the crowd yelled, and the small boys burned blue lights under Kearney's feet.

M. S. QUAY, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, has been fearfully and wonderfully deceived as to the effect of John C. Delaney's charge of Know Nothingism against Andrew H. Dill. As soon as he discovered that every decent man in Philadelphia was thoroughly disgusted with the attack on Mr. Dill, he issued a circular from headquarters falsely asserting that a discussion had arisen between some of the Catholic journals and the organs of Mr. Dill, upon the Know Nothing record of the latter, and as it was purely a Democratic quarrel, he advised Republican newspapers not to engage in the discussion beyond the mention of the fact that such a controversy exists. Does Quay think that he can make any intelligent man believe that he, himself, did not know all about Delaney's villainous work before it was outlined in the *Catholic Standard*? Delaney was acting as the agent of the Republican ring, of which Quay is the very head and front, and the latter was simply beaten at his own dirty game. In view of Quay's timely admonition to Republican editors, neither to touch nor handle the unclean thing, the extra copies of the *Standard* sent to the *Herald* of this place, and to the *Tribune* of Johnstown, will have to be regarded as so much political *deadwood*, utterly useless and unavailable for effecting the purpose originally contemplated.

The Biggest Lie of the Campaign.

If the leaders of the Republican party in this State had permitted the present campaign to pass by without inventing some giant lie against Andrew H. Dill, the Democratic candidate for Governor, it would have been an exception to all former experience. The Democratic press has treated his opponent, Henry M. Hoyt, with becoming respect and fairness, not even taking advantage of certain infirmities attributed to him by members of the very convention that placed him before the people as a candidate for Governor, and which, if true, would materially affect his fitness for the position to which they propose to elevate him. It having become apparent, however, as the campaign progressed, that Mr. Dill's election was absolutely certain, the Republican managers have suddenly revived their old and well known mode of warfare, on the theory that desperate diseases require desperate remedies. As an evidence of this spirit, we note the fact that the *Catholic Standard*, of Philadelphia, in its last week's issue, contains a lengthy editorial article in which Andrew H. Dill is charged with having been a member of the Know Nothing order—of having assisted in organizing Know Nothing lodges, and of having made Know Nothing speeches. The *Standard* does not specify either the times *when* nor the places *where* Mr. Dill was engaged in doing all these things, now so dreadful in Republican estimation, but asserts its ability to maintain them by competent proof. Andrew H. Dill was born (if he was ever born at all, which the Republican papers at the outset denied, because he first saw the light of day beneath his father's roof in Baltimore) in 1838.—Know Nothingism first became a political power in this State in the contest for Governor between William Bigler and James Pollock in 1854, in which Bigler was defeated by the midnight conspirators of the proscriptive order. At that time Dill was just *eighteen* years old, and was a student of Dickinson College, Carlisle, from which he graduated in the following year (1855), when he was 19. Know Nothingism, owing to the bitter feuds among its corrupt leaders, Simon Cameron being its chief, practically disappeared from the politics of this State after its first and only victory in 1854, for in 1856 Buchanan carried it over Fremont, and in 1857 the Democrats again came into power under under William F. Packer, their candidate for Governor. It is cutting it too fat, to use a vulgar phrase, to charge young Dill at the age of 18, when he was diligently prosecuting his college studies, with having been the organizer of Know Nothing cabals, and an orator before Know Nothing midnight conventicles.

As will be seen by an article from the Harrisburg *Patriot*, published elsewhere, the editor of that paper is authorized by Mr. Dill to pronounce the charge made by the *Standard as thoroughly and utterly false*. The *Standard* will now have to produce the proofs of its charge, or forever forfeit the respect and confidence of its readers, whom it has either ignorantly, or from some worse motive, attempted to mislead.

This "last effort" has been the work of the Cameron ring, and the Cameron State Committee has purchased one hundred thousand copies of the *Standard* containing the infamous libel, and, like Jacob M. Campbell's pamphlet in this district, with its lie against Coffroth about having corruptly sold a cadetship, is scattering them broadcast over the State, taking special care that they shall go into Catholic families. The *Herald*, of this place, has been furnished with a liberal invoice of the precious document, and will take care that they find a lodgment among the Catholics of northern Cambria, with whom it is supposed they will do the most good. The Johnstown *Tribune*, always ready for such an emergency, will meantime not fail to minister to the political salvation of the large body of Catholics within its bailiwick by its free distribution.

One of the lowest and meanest political scavengers about the public offices in Harrisburg is John C. Delaney, of Luzerne county. He is now, and for many years has been, a messenger in Hartranft's office, and being an Irishman and a Catholic, and on intimate terms with the Governor, he believes that he holds the votes of the Irish Catholics throughout the State in the hollow of his hand. He has sounded all the shoals and depths of political baseness—is the same man who, as the unscrupulous agent of the Republican leaders in 1875, when Hartranft and Pershing ran for Governor, visited the anthracite region and corruptly purchased the support of Jack Kehoe and his confederates in crime in favor of Hartranft's election, which accounts for the fact that Kehoe has not been hung but is still living—and is also the man who visited Pittsburgh two or three times during the summer of 1877, to array the Catholic Democrats of Allegheny county against Col. Noyes, the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer, upon the miserable pretext that Daniel O. Barr, of that county, a brother of the editor of the Pittsburgh *Post*, had been defeated in the State Convention by Col. Noyes simply because Mr. Barr happened to be a Catholic. This is the man who has been for weeks engaged in concocting this charge against Mr. Dill, and who has succeeded in persuading the editor of the *Catholic Standard* to endorse it by giving it a place in the columns of his paper. In the language of the *Patriot* article, the man who furnished the *Standard* with the pretended proof of the allegation contained in its article *"is too well known in this State to be capable of testifying or producing testimony to the injury of any Democratic candidate."*

THE only statement to be made this week in relation to the yellow fever stricken portion of the south, is that it shows no perceptible abatement in its death dealing work. To-morrow, the 12th, is the earliest date since 1832, that a good frost has appeared at Memphis, and as a general rule it has not been seen until two weeks later. When it comes, but not until then, no hope need be indulged in of its career being checked.

A Base Slander.

AN EDITOR IMPOSED UPON—SOME MORE OF DELANEY'S WORK.

There is published in Philadelphia a weekly journal styled the *Catholic Standard*, in the last issue of which appears an editorial article assailing the Democratic candidate for Governor on the ground that he was a member of the Know Nothing order, delivered Know Nothing speeches and assisted in organizing Know Nothing lodges, The article also attacks the Democratic party for failing to confer nominations and offices upon members of the Catholic Church. Referring to this article the Harrisburg *Patriot* of Friday says:

The editor is either the victim of a gross and wicked imposture or he has been corruptly procured to publish this scandalous and shameful article. In charity let us believe that he has been imposed upon and that the extra edition of one hundred thousand copies of his paper containing the article in question, now being circulated as a campaign document by the Republican politicians, was printed at his own proper expense, or that of the publishers, and was not paid for out of the Republican corruption fund.

As to the charge made by the *Standard* against Senator Dill, we have the authority of that gentleman for saying that it is *thoroughly and utterly false*. In answer to inquiries made of him by the editor of this paper respecting the charge that he had been a member of the Know Nothing order and had made Know Nothing speeches, Senator Dill replied in the most explicit and positive language that the allegation is false. The *Standard* says: "What we have said is based not on conjecture but on certain knowledge. We know whereof we speak and have proof of every word we have written." Nevertheless it withholds the proof. It conceals the source of its knowledge. It carefully avoids all mention of the character of the evidence on which it bases its charge. Why this singular reticene in regard to the nature of the information it claims to have? Why this scrupulous concealment of the "proof" it boasts is in its possession? Is it fair to Senator Dill or to his party to make this charge and send it out in an extra edition of a hundred thousand copies without accompanying it with an iota of evidence? Ah! the motive which actuated the *Standard* in this regard is only too transparent. *It is a weekly journal and by delaying the publication of the pretended proof Senator Dill and his friends will be deprived of the opportunity of refuting the charge through its columns until it shall be too late to correct the false impressions intended to be produced.* It is evident, too, that the editor is fully aware of the flimsy and worthless character of the "proof," and therefore cunningly excludes it from the publication. Thus thousands who see the charge will never get a glimpse of the evidence on which it is based, even if that should be printed in future in the ordinary edition of the *Standard*. Besides the crafty editor knew that the name of the person who brought the pretended "proof" would have to be divulged whenever the nature of the "proof" became publicly known. *That person is too well known in this State to be capable of testifying or producing testimony to the injury of any Democratic candidate.* It is the same man who went to the anthracite region in 1875 to erase the blood-stained palms of Jack Kehoe and his confederates in crime with the bribe money of the Republican leaders. The editor of the *Standard* may well postpone the publication of his pretended "proof."

That the charge made by the *Standard* against Senator Dill is false must be apparent to every intelligent mind for the following excellent reasons: Know Nothingism rose and flourished in 1854 and disappeared in 1855. In 1856 the slavery question overshadowed all others and the struggle was between the Democratic party and the nascent Republican organization. Now Andrew H. Dill was born in 1838. He was 18 years old when Know Nothing lodges were being established and he was 19 when Know Nothingism was absorbed by the newly organized Republican party. The case, therefore, is too plain for argument. If Senator Dill made any political speech in 1856 or 1857 it was upon the issues of the time, and Know Nothingism was not then one of them.

To answer to the allegation of the *Standard* that it has Democratic party does not confer nominations and offices upon the members of its Church, let it be said that the Democratic party does not inquire to what religious sect candidates for its nominations adhere or whether they belong to any. It nominates candidates because of their supposed fitness for the transaction of secular rather than spiritual affairs. Nevertheless it has been the difficult but righteous province of that political organization to do battle single-handed and alone in defence of the rights of conscience. If the editor of the *Standard* is the whole-souled friend of the Freedom of Religious Opinion, was assailed in the attempt to deny Catholics the right to worship God in their own way. Had not the Democratic party been the constant defender of the equal political rights of all, there would be no such paper as the *Catholic Standard* published to-day, nor would the publishers of that paper, or the miserable renegade who furnished the pretended "proof" of Senator Dill's Know Nothingism, be clothed with those rights of citizenship which enable them to meddle in politics for the purpose of stabbing in the dark the political organization that has defended and protected them.

In conclusion, we call upon the *Standard* to publish the "proof" on which it pretends to base its charge, and hope that the Democratic State Committee will at once take steps to unmask the conspiracy which has culminated in this foul but futile assault upon the integrity of Senator Dill's political character. In honor and in justice, the editor of the *Standard* cannot and will not dare to deny Senator Dill and his friends the fullest opportunity to refute the slander he has uttered against him.

ARCHBISHOP WOOD, in the card herewith published, has promptly and officially disavowed all responsibility for the baselesss attacks, through the columns of the *Catholic Standard*, upon Andrew H. Dill, inspired by that notorious political huckster, John C. Delaney. However successful Delaney's former efforts may have been in transferring the Mollie Maguire vote to the Republican State ticket, his occupation, like Othello's, is gone when he impudently attempts to sell out the vote of the respectable Catholics of the State upon a trumped up charge of Know Nothingism against the Democratic candidate for Governor.—While the card of the Archbishop is a severe, though well deserved, rebuke to the editor of the *Standard* for permitting himself to become the willing tool of such a disreputable trickster as Delaney, it will add to the high and well earned reputation of the distinguished prelate in the estimation of every decent and high-minded man in the commonwealth. Following is the card:

ARCHDIOCESE OF PHILADELPHIA,
CATHEDRAL, LOGAN SQUARE,
PHILADELPHIA, Pa., October 5, 1878.

We have seen with much regret, in the *Catholic Standard* of this date, an article headed "Know-Nothingism in Pennsylvania Politics."

We desire to disclaim all responsibility for the article; and, indeed, for any article, no matter where or how published, on political issues.

Without renouncing our political rights, which we fully appreciate, we have never interfered in politics, and are too much occupied with infinitely more important matters to do so.

Any one who will take the pains to examine the approbation we have given to the *Catholic Standard* will find that we approve it "as a useful auxiliary to the Catholic cause, as well as a safe and instructive family journal," and not, therefore, as a machine to be used by political managers.

We could scarcely have given an approbation more specific and more clearly defined.

+JAMES F. WOOD,
Archbishop of Philadelphia.

CATS AND RATS have been mortal enemies since the first syllable of recorded time. Hitherto, moreover, the cat has been the terror; the rat the coward. But now, in this age of small-fry miracles, it seems that the order is to be changed—that the rat will be the aggressor—for from Texas, by way of the Dallas *Herald*, comes this story:

A gentleman living in the vicinity of the Ursuline Convent informed a reporter yesterday that he was awakened Sunday night by an army of large rats chasing a cat about the room.—Turning the light half-way on, he watched the movements of the rodents, and is positive that they had completely whipped the cat, and would soon have killed it. One ear of the cat was bitten by the rats, and was bleeding profusely.

It is hoped that other rats will not take to chasing the cat around, but if the worst comes to the worst, we are consoled by the thought that we can go to cultivating rats instead of bootjacks.—*Philadelphia Times.*

A Libel Answered.

To-day's sensation of the political campaign in this State, says the Lancaster *Intelligencer* of Friday, is the attack on the Democratic candidate for Governor by the *Catholic Standard* of Philadelphia, a leading journal of its Church, edited by Mr. G. D. Wolff, formerly a lawyer of Norristown and a minister of the Reformed Church. The Republican managers are making every possible use of this attack, and have procured 100,000 copies of the paper to be circulated as a campaign document throughout the State—a use to which we believe a religious paper was never before put, and one which we know the patrons of the *Standard* and the authorities of the Church for which it claims to speak will deeply regret; for the Catholics of this State, through their venerable head, Archbishop Wood, have time and again protested against superserviceable friends or malignant enimies dragging their Church into political affairs, and with a delicacy and high regard for their faith, the priesthood, as a body, keep themselves and their religion aloof from party contests. It is no impugning of the propriety of Mr. Wolf's motives to assert that he neither represents his fellow Catholics nor his Church as a body when he uses his paper to demand of political parties political favors for Catholics. His service in this respect is gratuitous and ill-timed. The Catholic Church is not a political organization, and they are not discreet friends who would seek to make it such. We emphatically deny the *Standard's* allegation that the Democratic party "has entered upon a race with the Republicans for the favor of Know Nothings, avowed foes as they are to Catholics and Catholicity." The intelligent Catholics of this city and elsewhere know to the contrary, and it has been the profession and practice of the party, here and elsewhere, *in this State, and every other State* while championing the cause of religious freedom, to steadfastly ignore religious differences in the selection of its candidates and the declaration of its principles.

With regard to the special charges of the *Standard* against Mr. Dill, we republish from the Harrisburg *Patriot* that gentleman's specific denial of them. It covers every point and must remain conclusive until the alleged proof is produced. If for that proof the *Standard*, as is intimated, is relying on the notorious emissary of Gov. Hartranft to the Molly Maguires, it will find that it leans on a broken stick.

The historical refutation of the charges is very clear. It is said that "Andrew H. Dill has taken an active part in Know-Nothing conventions and public meetings, in making Know-Nothing speeches, in organizing Know-Nothing lodges and societies." And yet nothing of this kind took place after 1855, when the Know-Nothing movement had spent its force. It will be remembered that at that time Mr. Dill was a boy of 19, and even if the facts alleged are true they bear not at all on his present candidacy. We accept his word that they are not true, but we repeat that if they were, his boyish opinions should not be allowed to outweigh nor be counted against the fact that in twenty years of vigorous manhood, in the discharge of repeated public trusts, in all his private relations, he has been the consistent friend of religious liberty, and has shown the same uniform regard for persons professing the Catholic faith as for that of any other. Just as it is not to be set down to the discredit of the editor of the *Standard* that, whereas he now is the champion and defender of the Catholic faith, it has not been ten years since he was a member of an entirely different religious denomination and was as bitterly hostile to the Catholics as those who organized Know Nothing lodges. But we repeat that the charges of the *Standard* are explicitly denied by Mr. Dill. Its proof is called for, and pending that all classes of right-thinking people can only regret that an issue so foreign to legitimate political discussion has been projected into the campaign and is being used for such purposes that the Republican managers are distributing a religious paper as an electioneering dodge.

Gen. Campbell's Financial Record.

It will be of interest, in this stage of the campaign, to read the record of Jacob M. Campbell on the financial issues during his one session in Congress. We copy from the Altoona *National*, as follows:

In this record of his votes taken from the Journals of Congress it will be found that the name of Campbell is never by accident or inadvertence on the side of the people. In the vote on every financial proposition for the relief of industry and labor he is recorded on the side of the money monopolist.

The first issue raised upon the currency question between the supporters of the bondholders and the representatives of the people in the present Congress was Nov. 5th, on the question of suspending the rules and passing the Bland bill to remonetize silver. Campbell was paired with Errett, who would have voted *aye*.

Same day. On the question of fixing a day for voting on Ewing's bill and Fort's amendment to repeal the resumption bill. Campbell had paired and would have voted *no*.

Dec. 1st. On the amendment of Mr. Stenger to the Ewing bill, offered as a substitute—entitled a bill to repeal the resumption day clause in the resumption act of 1875. Campbell, still faithful in his servitude to the money monopolists, voted *no*.

On the final passage of the resumption repeal bill, same day, Campbell voted *no*.

Jan. 29th, 1878. On the resolution declaring certain United States bonds payable principal and interest, in silver dollars of 412½ grains, Campbell voted *no*. The dollar of the fathers, in the opinion of this *representative of the bondholders*, was not good enough to pay off bonds that were bought with greenbacks at two hundred cents on the dollar.

Feb. 22nd. On the motion to lay on the table the Silver bill, with Senate amendments, Campbell voted *aye*, with the rest of the opponents of the bill.

March 1st. On the question of passing the present Silver bill over the veto of Hayes, Campbell, still true to the money mopopolists, voted *no*.

March 26th. On the bill authorizing the coinage of silver dollars of 412½ grains upon the same terms as gold, the issues of silver certificates to depositors of silver bullion, known as Springer's bill, Campbell voted *no*.

On the question of bringing up, same day, bill providing for issuing silver bullion certificates, Campbell voted *no*.

April 10th. On the motion to fix a day to consider the bill reported by the committee on Banking and currency to retire National Bank notes, and to authorize part payment of customs in treasury notes, Campbell voted *no*.

Jan. 15th. On the motion to suspend the rules and take from the speaker's table house bill to repeal the resumption act, to non-concur in the Senate amendments and ask for a committee of conference, Campbell voted *no*. The vote on this question decided the fate of the bill for the repeal of the resumption act, and Campbell again obeyed the orders of the money monopolists whom he so diligently serves.

June 19th. On the bill to repeal the provisions of the resumption act which authorizes the sale of bonds for the purpose of resumption, Campbell voted *no*. He was opposed to any amendment to the resumption bill that would grant relief to the debtor from its iron exactions.

June 20th. On the bill reported from the committee on banking and currency to retire National Bank notes and substitute treasury notes in their place, Campbell voted *no*. As a champion of National bank monopoly, he was compelled to vote against the adoption of any other system of currency, no matter how much relief might be afforded to the depressed business interests of the country.

Such is the record of Jacob M. Campbell during his brief service as a member of Congress. As he is again a candidate, let the farmers, mechanics and workingmen generally, of this district, carefully scan this record of a bond slave and say by their ballots whether he is fit to represent them in the next Congress when the struggle with the money changers is to be again resumed. This record of Jacob M. Campbell shows that he voted against the Silver bill, against the repeal of the resumption act of the money sharks, against any reform of the National banking system, and against any and all efforts to bring financial relief to a suffering people. As the servant of the shylocks of Wall street, he insists on the bond if it should take with it the blood and the life of the nation. Let the workingmen of this district answer in thunder tones on the 5th of November next, whether the man is worthy to represent them.

—In four of the States which voted Tuesday the Republicans lost five Congressmen.

News and Other Notings.

—The Catholics of Baltimore raised last Sunday by collection $7,621 for the yellow fever sufferers.

—In a quarrel between some colored boys in Washington, D. C., on Saturday, James Walker was shot dead by Henry Watson.

—John Clayton, of Greene county, was thrown over a precipice a distance of nearly 100 feet, the other day, and escaped uninjured.

—Mrs. John Varner, aged fifty-six, of Salem township, Luzerne county, is the mother of nineteen children, thirteen of whom are living.

—Gold in small quantities has been discovered on the farm of John Griffith, about two miles east of Point Pleasant, Northampton county.

—On a Berks county farm there is a chestnut tree that measures twenty-two feet and five and a half inches in circumference around the stump.

—Memphis is now the Niobe of Southern cities; its population of 40,000 only two months ago has been reduced to 2,500 whites and 6,000 Africans.

—Mr. Henry Brockerhoff, a well known citizen of Bellefonte, died on Sunday last, aged 84. He was a native of Alsace, and was worth about $1,000,000.

—An island floating down the St. Lawrence river passed Ogdensburg, the other day. It was of swamp-grass and willows, and looked like a runaway marsh.

—A man in Bradford, England, has been held in bonds to keep the peace for sending out a bellman to cry the proclamation that his wife, Amelia, was for sale.

—The latest novelty in the collar box line is an inkstand and pen holder in the lid. It is dangerous, however, to forget to cork the ink bottle tightly before closing the box.

—J. C. Moore, the *Bridgeport*, Conn., pedestrian, on Friday night completed his walk against time. He made 100 miles in nineteen hours and forty minutes, actual walking time.

—Harvey Ormsby, who lived the life of a hermit in the vicinity of Williamsport, died last week, at the age of seventy years. His property, valued at $15,000, he left to a Mr. Overdorf.

—Abe Rauch, well known in Weatherly, Pa., as an habitual drinker, entered the Gilbert House and stole a bottle of rum. While swallowing it hastily, behind the bar-keeper's back, he fell dead.

—The City of Glasgow Bank suspended on Wednesday of last week. Its liabilities are stated at $50,000,000. The bank was established in 1839 and this is the heaviest failure in Scotland since 1857.

—Jeremiah Donovan, a convict, committed suicide in the penitentiary at Jackson, Mich., on Thursday, by throwing himself upon a fast revolving fly wheel. He was under a five years' sentence for burglary.

—A six-year-old daughter of William Rogers, of Warwick township, Ontario, bitten by a cat which had previously received a bite from a mad dog, died on Friday with all the symptoms of hydrophobia.

—A colored man named Stone, at Washington, on Saturday, killed his wife with a razor, and made a savage attack upon his sister-in-law with the same weapon. She lies in a dangerous condition. Stone was arrested.

—The six days' walk in New York for the long distance championship between O'Leary and Hughes terminated on Saturday evening last in an easy victory for O'Leary, he having walked 403 miles and Hughes 310.

—A Franklin (Tenn.) special to the Nashville *American* says that John Thomas, colored, was caught and lynched on Sunday for the rape of a five year-old daughter of James G. Sharman. He confessed his guilt.

—B. S. Snider, who recently arrived in Washington city from Cincinnati, and who claims to be at the head of 700,000 communists in this country, has been sent to the Government Asylum for the Insane until his friends or relatives can be found.

—The West Chester *Jeffersonian* says that Mr. James Dicks, farmer of West Goshen, has a sow that gave birth a day or two ago to a litter of eighteen pigs. This is the largest litter of pigs, it is said, ever known in that section of country.

—A wife and five children depended on John Ziber, of Birdsboro, for a livelihood. In a fit of despondency he severed two arteries of his arm. A physician bound them up and he was recovering, when he tore the bandage off and bled to death.

—A Virginia woman offers to sell her husband by auction, and apply the proceeds to the liquidation of the State debt. "I can recommend him to purchasers," she adds, "as a man possessing all the qualities a woman capable of controlling him could desire."

—The Turkish Government has received intelligence that Saad Detden Pacha, on announcing that he had received orders to surrender Podgoritza to the Montenegrins, was killed by the Albanians, and 156 officers and men under his command were massacred.

—At Pittsburg, Richard Edwards and wife celebrated their golden wedding; Mrs. Chislett, their daughter, and her husband celebrated their silver wedding, and George B. Edwards, their son, and his wife celebrated their crystal wedding, all on the same evening.

—The congregation of Trinity church, in Bristol, Conn., were greatly surprised on Sunday week when, at the close of the service, the pastor, Rev. J. H. Gilland, announced his resignation of the pastorate, with an explanation of his intention to join the Roman Catholic Church.

—In the St. Louis Female Hospital, Friday night, Miss Emily Moelier, a nurse, administered a solution of corrosive sublimate to Alice Wood, a patient, through mistake, causing her death, whereupon Miss Moeller took carbolic acid, and thus ended by death her agony of regret.

—Among the curiosities of the Pacific is an oil well at sea, in thirty fathoms of water, on the California coast, off Santa Barbara, which sends forth a constant stream of oil running to waste. Reflecting the light of the sun in all the colors of the rainbow, it produces a singular and beautiful effect.

—John Carpenter, while intoxicated, Sunday morning, entered St. Francis Xavier's church, New York, and without warning plunged a huge knife into the abdomen of Mary Logan, whom he took for his wife, from whom he has been separated. Carpenter was locked up to await the result of the woman's injuries.

—Bridgeport, Conn., recently had a kicking match between two women, one from New Haven and the other from Providence, R. I., for $50 a side, each kicker being allowed twenty-five kicks. The fair daughter of New Haven won by kicking seven feet nine inches high, her opponent reaching seven feet five inches.

—Robert Johnson, black, and Alice Toney, white, prohibited to marry in Staunton, Va., by the law, went to Washington, were married, and returned. They were thrown into jail; appeal was taken to the Supreme Court of the State, and the lower Court sustained. The case will now go to the Supreme Court of the United States.

—It will be a matter of interest, and perhaps a good *eel* of surprise, to fishermen hereabouts to know that eels do not spawn. Seth Green, in a letter to the New York *Forest and Stream*, re-asserts his belief that eels don't spawn, and offers to put up $5 and pay expenses of expressage to any one who will send him an eel with a roe in it.

—The Fifth Annual Congress of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States is to assemble in Cincinnati on the 15th instant. The session will extend over five days, and several subjects of importance to the church are to be discussed.

—A young couple of Le Roy, N. Y., had their wedding day selected, and then got into a squabble over which church the knot should be tied in. He wanted to go to the Presbyterian edifice, because it was the fashionable one of the village, and she wanted to go to the Baptist one, because she used to sing in the choir there. The quarrel snapped the engagement.

—Preachers in the West are going into politics rather extensively, about forty of them being candidates for political offices. Some of the religious journals do not look upon this new departure with a favorable eye. One thinks that if the result aimed at is to purify politics, they may well be spared, yet it thinks that politics will effect some of them more than they will effect politics.

—William Bromham, the Connecticut youth who shoved his younger brother, Edward, overboard into the Long Island Sound, and, turning prow toward land, with a wet sheet, a foaming sea and waves that followed fast, left him there to perish, now knows the musty smell of a prison. Edward, who has recovered from the effects of his wild, five-mile swim, is the prosecutor.

—Colonel Edward W. Upsbaw, who was long connected with Tennessee journalism, had no relatives in Holy Springs, Miss., but he was there when the yellow fever broke out, and when urged to leave he said: "My duty is here with this people. If I live, my Master will approve.—If I die, my friends will have the satisfaction of knowing I died at my post." He died there.

—The Jackson (Tenn.) *Tribune* says that a true and grand hero died when Father Riordan, Vicar-General, laid down his life at Memphis. At Bon Aqua when the pestilence struck Memphis, he hastened from the life giving waters to the dark rushing stream, on whose banks sat the plague, the pall of death. He fell administering to the sick and dying, and has gone to the martyr's reward.

—Nineteen persons were killed outright and one hundred and forty more or less injured on Tuesday last by an accident on the Old Colony Railroad, seven miles from Boston, whereby an excursion train returning from a rowing match was thrown from the track, through some fault, it is thought, of a freight conductor whose train had just been switched off at the place where the catastrophe occurred.

—Five noble and wealthy English girls are about to take the veil, all having considerable fortunes in their own rights. They are Lady Edith Noel, daughter of the Earl of Gainsborough; the Hon. Constance Howard, sister of the Marchioness of Bute; "two daughters of the Hon. Maxwell Stuart, of Traquhar, Peebleshire, and the youngest daughter of Mr. Blount, of Mapledurham, the representative of the stanchest Catholic family among commoners in England."

—Lucy Osburn, a pretty young woman, had her entire scalp torn off by machinery in New Milford, Conn. She was brought to a New York hospital, and there the tedious process of grafting on her head a new scalp was successfully ended a few days ago, and she has returned to her home. The new scalp was composed of minute bits of skin, 12,000 being used, taken from the arms of the hospital surgeons, and put on carefully one at a time. One surgeon supplied more than a thousand of them.

—Some time since it was published that an ex-Major General in the Confederate service had enlisted as a private soldier in the regular army and there has been a great deal of curiosity exhibited as to who the reduced general might be. It transpires that the man is Major General Stockton, who is a graduate of West Point Military Academy, and went into the rebellion, reaching the rank named. Upon his enlistment he was not sent to the frontier with the ordinary recruits, but was detailed for clerical duty at the War Department.

—That there is more heroism in the Catholic than in Protestant churches, says the Indianapolis *Herald*, is abundantly demonstrated by the mortality reports in the fever-stricken cities of the South. Not a single priest has forsaken his flock and sought safety in flight. They die at their posts. The dark-robed Sisters of Charity also brave the pestilence without flinching, and offer up their pure lives a sacrifice to duty. There is something vital in the Catholic faith which inspires its priests with more than mortal courage when they come in contact with the destroying angel.

—Ten years ago there settled near El Paso, Woodford county, Illinois, one P. C. Ransom, a man of wealth. His wife was a gentle lady. He had a dark, wild mannered boy, named Paul. Ransom prospered. Everybody liked him. He was elected mayor of El Paso, was re-elected and is mayor now. Last week a dark-faced woman, resembling Paul, appeared. She went from door to door in El Paso, declaring that Ransom was her husband, that he left her, taking $30,000, twenty-five years ago, and that since then she has been hunting him the wide world over. Ransom denies all. The woman appeals to the law.

—There is a solemn warning to farmers who hold back for higher prices in the story of Elias Black, living near Doylestown, Pa. Mr. Black has one hundred and thirty-three acres of the finest land in Bucks county. In 1862 he stacked up his crops in the fields for higher figures and he stacked up each succeeding year's crop in the same way and for the same purpose. One hundred and three stacks of hay and grain remain where they are placed, most of them in a decayed condition. Twenty thousand dollars have been piled up to rot, but Mr. Black is more stubborn than ever, and still holds on for the higher prices he will never get.

—The Republican candidate for Lieutenant Governor is Senator Stone, of Warren. His opponent is Senator Fertig, of Titusville. Stone is a lawyer, and not a producer. Fertig is a producer and not a lawyer. Both attempted to exercise their influence at the last session of the Legislature in favor of a free pipe bill. Stone succeeded in getting five votes out of the thirty-one of his Republican associates, and those five, like himself, represented oil producing constituencies. There were eighteen Democrats in the Senate besides himself, and Fertig induced thirteen of them to vote with him against the Standard monopoly. Among the thirteen was Andrew H. Dill, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

—A touching yellow-fever romance comes from Memphis. Less than three weeks ago a letter-carrier named Zack Oliver encountered, very ill with the yellow fever, a young Jewess, Miss Phœbe Mendleson, who had come into the city to inquire for letters which were expected from her parents, who had fled to some northern city when the fever first appeared. Seeing her condition, kind hearted Zack took her to his room and went in haste for a physician, whom he secured, and by his attention to her, in conjunction with the nurse furnished by the Howards, the young Jewess was saved from death. Ten days ago she had so far convalesced as to be able to sit up, when Zack was attacked, and although feeble from her illness, she sided in the nursing of her friend, who lingered a few days and died in the arms of her he had saved.

—A marvelous illustration of the tenacity of life in the shape of a living skeleton was found in the hold of the steamship City of Chester, which reached New York on Friday from Liverpool. When the hatches were removed, a few hours after the steamship's arrival, the emaciated frame of a man was discovered with only sufficient animation to feebly say, "thank God." After a little brandy and beef tea had been administered, the man gained strength enough to inform those around him that his name was James Donnelly. He had been in the ship's hold since its departure from Liverpool, twelve days, without a morsel of food save a small bottle of whisky which he had in his pocket when he boarded the vessel. It appears that the man had induced one of the ship's hands to conceal him in the hold, that a voyage to America might thus be secured. The man was removed to the hospital, and at last accounds was on the high road to convalescence.

—Mrs. Jacob Kuntz, of Woodbridge, Conn., met a most horrible and extraordinary death on Saturday forenoon. While she was making a fire in a cooking stove the flames burst through an opening in the stove and ignited her dress. She was paralyzed by her peril, and before she had recovered presence of mind all her clothes were ablaze. Shrieking, she ran to the barn and began to roll in the hay, and issuing thence she jumped down into a deep well and was drowned. Her little daughter was a horrified spectator of the scene, and after she saw her mother jump down the well gave the alarm to the neighbors, but too late to save the barn and outhouse, which were consumed with their contents. When Jacob Kuntz, who had been away at work, returned, he was almost deprived of reason at his affliction and loss. Mrs. Kuntz, when taken from the well, was found to have been literally roasted alive, and her flesh was black from head to feet. She was 34 years old.

—Between 3 and 4 o'clock Thursday afternoon a negro named Edward Freeman kidnapped a seven year old daughter of John McCriudle, of Ansonia, Conn., and took her to a barn, where he committed an outrageous assault upon her, after which he conveyed her, after dark, to Derby, and left her beside the road, where she was found by neighbors, and returned to her home at about nine o'clock Thursday night. At 2 o'clock Friday morning Freeman was arrested and taken to the lock up, and about seven hours after some four hundred persons collected, knocked down Timothy O'Sullivan, a grand juror, obtained the keys and entered the jail. They took Freeman from his cell, tied a rope around his neck, and dragged him a quarter of a mile, to the top of Colburn hill, where they were about to hang him when he was rescued by Deputy Sheriff Whipple. He was taken to Birmingham and afterward to New Haven. The girl's condition is serious, but not critical. Freeman has a bad reputation, having served one term in prison for a similar offense.

STATEMENT FROM COL. THOS. A SCOTT.—The following statement has been furnished by Col. T. A. Scott, President of the Pennsylvania railroad, for publication:

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY, OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT, PHILADELPHIA, October 7.—To the Stockholders of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company:—I am informed

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - OCT. 11, 1878.

Democratic Meetings!

Public Meetings will be held by the Democracy of Cambria County at the following times and places:

AT CARROLLTOWN,
On Wednesday Evening, October 16th,
AT ST. AUGUSTINE,
On Thursday Afternoon, October 17th.
AT CHEST SPRINGS,
On Thursday Evening, October 17th.
At LORETTO,
On FRIDAY Evening, October 18th.
At WILMORE,
On Saturday Evening, October 19th.

The afternoon meeting will commence at 2 and the evening meetings a 7 o'clock, and will be addressed by Gen. COFFROTH and other speakers in English, and by Hon. WILLIAM J. BAER in German.

BY ORDER OF COUNTY COMMITTEE.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There, and the Other Place.

—Wind wayward, weather warm, Wednesday.

—"More Sentiments on Love," from another contributor, will appear next week.

—"Hang your front gate on the outer wall!" exclaims the Osceola *Reveille*; "the fence is still they gum."

—An addition is being put to the Blair House at its western extremity, and other improvements are contemplated.

—At latest accounts our enterprising townsman, Mr. C. T. Roberts, was doing nicely at Denver, in far-off Colorado.

—Hoyt, the Republican candidate for Governor, is said to be the connecting link between a blustering barkeeper and a bloated bondholder.

—Gen. Joshua T. Owen and Hon. W. W. Ketchy, will each speak a piece at a Republican meeting to be held in this place on Tuesday evening next.

—The Altoona folks are to be regaled on Sunday evening next with a sermon on the "Christian Race." No relation to a horse race, which has nothing Christian about it.

—Messrs. Jesse Patterson, Isaac N. Wissinger and Jacob Kirkpatrick, Poor Directors of this county, are in attendance at a convention of Poor Directors now being held in Pittsburgh.

—We join with our neighbor of the *Herald* in the hope that no Republican will be foolish enough to lose his vote, which means in plain English that he will have to vote the whole Democratic ticket.

—The family of Mrs. Ward, a widow lady of Cambria City, have all been afflicted with typhoid fever. The mother and one son are convalescing, while three grown sons and a daughter are hovering between life and death.

—John Stover, an employe in the wheel shop, Altoona, had one of his legs badly mashed and lacerated, on Tuesday last, by a wheel falling upon it. As a stover up of man's legs a car wheel is too much for John Stover or any other man.

—A Hollidaysburg attorney, named C. C. Hale, was found guilty at the late term of Clearfield county court for opening letters belonging to other parties, and was sentenced to the Western Penitentiary for a term of one year and six months.

—The People's Cheap Store, Carrolltown, will be fully replenished and ready for business to-morrow, on and after which date the obliging proprietor, Mr. S. Teitelbaum, will be glad to welcome all who give him a call and buy a large bill or small.

—The farm of John Myers, dec'd, in Munster township, containing about seventy acres, with improvements, was disposed of at public sale, on Tuesday last, by Mr. J. D. Parrish, trustee, and bought by Mr. Michael Wagner, of this place, for $1,200.

—Samuel W. Gilbert, of Altoona, was severely crushed, on Tuesday last, by being caught between two freight cars, the end of one of which he was engaged in painting, while the other was backed up against it. His injuries are quite severe, if not fatal.

—Mr. John C. McMullen, of Chest Springs, has just entered upon a second course of lectures, this time at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, from which we predict he will emerge in due time with the indistinguishable sheepskin. May success attend him.

—The Altoona *Nationalist* has failed to make its appearance for a week or two, and the *Tribune* of that city inclines to the opinion that it has "choked to death in the attempt to swallow Adams, of Somerset." If so, there's Adams-lim chance for its resurrection.

—Mr. Geo. Huntley, the wide-awake hardware merchant of this place, returned home last evening from a trip to the south—rather the worse for the wear—so ill, in fact, that he has been confined to the house ever since. Hope to see him all right in a day or two.

—It was only the other day that the news reached our town of the death in Nevada, some time during the month of July, of Mr. W. N. Henry, an elder brother of the late Hon. Samuel Henry of this place. He had last been absent and unheard from for a period of nineteen years.

—For six long weeks, ending a few days ago, a bereaved husband residing in a prosperous community not more than a thousand miles from Johnstown, mourned as one who would not be comforted for a beloved wife who had gone before, and then—married another. Verily, in the midst of death we are in life.

—James and George Bradley, brothers, of Loretto, got themselves into trouble Wednesday, in Johnstown, by signing Jacob Jamison's name to a check for $200 and giving Geo. Willauer as security for a board bill of twenty dollars in cash. James was promptly arrested, but George managed to get out of town.

—Mr. J. Teitelbaum, who in Loretto holds forth, requests us this week through our columns to say, that the new stock of goods recently received at his store is, inquality better and in quantity more than any like stock, either in what town it is, while for prices the lowest he defies any man in the "biz." Just call up and see what it comes to.

—A flock of wild turkeys, said to number some forty, paid Cresson a brief visit on Friday last, but finding the Mountain House closed and no Unger-y mortal about to "gobble them up, took wing and disappeared in the direction of Loretto. Several sportsmen followed in pursuit, but whether the turkeys got away with them or from them we failed to learn.

—There is a story of a defunct dry goods clerk who, after the funeral services were over, was heard to remark, in faint and feeble tones, "Anything else?"—a little incident which leads us to say that if any of our readers need anything or "anything else" in the clothing line they can get it neat and durable, at Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown.

—Mrs. Mary Ann Bradley, executrix of the estate of Bradley, late of Loretto borough, deceased, will offer at public sale, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., on Tuesday, Oct. 29th, the entire stock of dry goods, dress goods, notions, groceries, hardware, etc., contained in the store of said deceased. Sale to continue from day to day until all the goods are disposed of.

—Mr. Newt. Lloyd, brother of Mr. Benj. Lloyd, of Cambria township, who, we believe, was born and got his "brought-en up" in this vicinity, but who, for a couple of years past, has been dabbling, much to his pecuniary prosperity, in the oleaginous fluid in Western Pennsylvania, spent a few days last week amid the scenes of his youth and childhood.

—On Tuesday, October 15th, the next on the list, Dr. Hoffman, the dentist, expects from our town to be missed, and as to where he'll be found it is our province to say, that Carrolltown's the place on that particular day. So, if you have any teeth to be drawn, or a new set you need, you'll find him the man to do it cheaply and neatly indeed.

—It never pays to fret and growl when fortune seems our foe; the better bred will push ahead and strike the braver blow; especially if they are anxious to get full value for their money, which can always be done at the cheap cash store of John Lloyd & Co., who have lots of nice goods for the Fall trade and a very commendable desire to sell everything at the lowest possible figures. Give them a show.

—It is a somewhat significant fact that the squelching of cadet-broker Lilly and his Johnstown mouth-organ, was immediately followed by the publication of a story in the columns of the *Tribune* entitled the "Lost Lilly." Next in order after the November election will no doubt be a brief sketch entitled "The Lost Campbell, or the Lamentations of the Large and Licentious Liar of the *Tribune* Triumvirate."

—Since the publication in the Johnstown *Democrat* last week of the affidavit of Sergeant Roat in regard to the alleged cruel and inhuman punishment inflicted upon him by Jacob M. Campbell, while serving as a soldier in the late war, the editor of that paper says that he has been called upon by several parties who witnessed the outrage, and who fully and freely substantiate every word contained in said affidavit.

—Never give up! It is wiser and better always to hope than despair; fling off all of doubt's cankering fetter and buy everything that your feet need to wear, be they boots, shoes or gaiters, or anything else in that line, from S. Blumenthal, of Altoona, who keeps a full stock, large and fine, and sells at such prices that all must be glad of the chance to invest where such bargains are had. Store at 1119 Eleventh avenue.

—The Johnstown *Democrat* says that a young German living with Mr. John Neff, in Croyle township, this county, was so badly frightened upon looking out of the window of his bed-room, about 3 o'clock on a certain morning not long since, and discovering Mr. Neff's barn on fire, that he was immediately restored to his hearing and speech, of which he had been deprived a number of years ago by being shocked by lightning.

—The people of this community, we feel safe in saying, will never have reason to regret the fact that Mr. Edmund Miller, of Wilmore, has become a citizen of our town, his advent among us being for the purpose of accepting, and need we say admirably filling, the position of salesman at the cheap and popular cash store of M. L. Oatman. Mr. Miller is a thorough gentleman and a competent clerk, and we congratulate Mr. Oatman on having secured his services.

—Having purchased a car load of bituminous coal from Messrs. Mentzel & Leap, of Hollidaysburg, and tested it very thoroughly, we have no hesitation in saying that it is the best of the kind we have ever used. It ignites more readily, burns more steadily, and produces a greater amount of heat to the square inch, than any mountain coal that has ever gladdened our household. It is from a new bank recently opened at Lilly's, and cannot fail to give satisfaction to all who burn it.

—Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of yore, "Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clean the rubbish from your door?" Do we buy our made-up clothing where the best is always found?—where styles are ever latest and fabrics good and sound? If we do our feet will find but little rest till they lead us safe and surely to the cheapest store and best, where Godfrey Wolff, the clever, who at all times heads the van, sells the finest made-up clothing that was ever worn by mortal man—at his store on Twelfth street, next door to the post-office, Altoona, Pa.

—A car laden with household goods, etc., and destined for Ellis station, Kansas Pacific R. R., (near Fort Hayes,) Kansas, left this place on Monday evening last, Mr. Jas. Jones (not he whom our corpulent friend Tomlinson so graphically describes in his greenback speeches) going along as superintendent. They—that is, Mr. Jones and the car—will reach Fort Hayes in nine days from date, and in the course of a few weeks the other Ebensburg immigrants, if all goes well, will embark for the same place.—Meantime those already there will no doubt "hold the Fort"—Hayes or no Hayes.

—General McCandless, Secretary of Internal Affairs, calls on Attorney General Lear to prosecute about forty railroad companies in the State, prominent among which are the Pennsylvania and several of its branches, including the Ebensburg and Cresson, for failing to comply with the law of April, 1860, and that of May, 1874, which make it obligatory upon railroad, canal, navigation and telegraph companies whose working lines are in whole or in part in this commonwealth, to furnish to the Secretary of Internal Affairs, on or before the 31st of January in each year, a detailed report of their operations during the previous year.

—"Off for the city!" was the parting salute that came to our office in language not mute, from Barker, the buyer, V. S. is the man, who left Tuesday night, in accordance with plan, to buy the biggest and best stock of goods in the land, for the ready cash money, which ne'er fails to command the "best in the shop" from merchants down east, who sell to friend Barker at prices the least. And when this largest of stocks, with beauty replete, finds its way to the shelves, so tidy and neat, in the big store kept by said firm on famous High street, as well as Carrolltown, where a welcome they'll meet, look out for such bargains as no man can beat.

—The terribly mutilated remains of Mrs. David Boyle, whose home was in Coopersdale, a couple of miles west of Johnstown, were found on the railroad track at the lower end of the Cambria Siding, shortly after 9 o'clock on Tuesday night last, by Mr. John Reese, the day operator in the signal tower at Sang Hollow, who was on his way from Johnstown to his home near Sheridan Station when he made the frightful discovery. How the unfortunate woman came to be killed, or, rather, how at that time of night she came to be on the spot where her body was found, remains a mystery. Mrs. Boyle's age was about 30 years, and she leaves a husband and five small children to mourn her sad and sorrowful fate.

—Mr. Enoch Reese, of Blacklick township, made his appearance before the board of County Commissioners, on Tuesday last, with the hide and scalp of a full-grown wolf in his possession, and for the capture of which he then and there received the usual bounty—twelve dollars. The pesky varmint, of which there are said to be quite a number in that neighborhood, was caught in a trap owned and set by Mr. Griffith Lloyd, the understanding being that Mr. Reese, who lives in close proximity to the scene, was to watch the trap and shoot the wolf when captured, in consideration whereof he was to receive one-half the bounty. This programme having, we presume, been carried out to the letter, both gentlemen are no doubt comparatively happy, while the rest of creation in that vicinity have good reason to feel rejoiced at the fact that one more source of dread and destruction has been removed from their midst.

—As will be seen from the notice of the County Committee, *four* Democratic meetings will be held in northern Cambria, commencing at Carrolltown on next Wednesday evening and ending with a meeting at Wilmore on Saturday following. Gen. Coffroth and Wm. J. Baer, Esq., will be present and address all these meetings. We ask the leading and active Democrats of the different localities where the meetings are to take place, to interest themselves in the matter and make it certain that the Democracy turn out in full force and attend them. It is especially desirable that this should be done on account of the State and county ticket, and also on account of Gen. Coffroth, the Democratic candidate for Congress, whose opponent is a member of the Republican National Committee and has once been elected in the district, but who will be remanded to private life, if every Democrat will act well his part and perform his whole duty. We trust that what we have said on the subject will be willingly and earnestly responded to, and that Democrats will make the meetings worthy of the strong Democratic districts in which they are to be held.

—Wishing no longer to *bear* with the troubles which for a considerable time had been *bruin* in his sheep-fold, Mr. William Cawley, of Clearfield township, concluded on a recent occasion to "lay" for the varmint which time and again had feasted upon the lambs of his flock. With this object in view, he armed and equipped himself a few nights ago and lay down near the sheep-fold to watch for the intruder, but before Mr. Bruin had put in an appearance old Morpheus gobbled up the watcher, who in due time woke from pleasant dreams to find one more of his flock among the missing. Giving chase with his dog, Mr. Cawley managed ere long to frighten the bear so effectually that it dropped its plunder and broke for cover, whereupon the stolen sheep, which seemed little the worse for its *bear*-ing off, was brought back and restored to the fold. Not "bar"-bear-ian once more returned to the charge, but this time found to its sorrow that Mr. C. was wide-awake and 'el(bow) bent on shooting, and as a consequence bear meat found its way to market a day or two after. We did not learn the weight of the animal, but understand that it was a big one.

—John Dougherty, Esq., of Mount Union, Huntingdon county, long a resident of Hollidaysburg, and well known in this place, has been nominated for Congress by the Greenback party in the district of which Huntingdon forms a part. Mr. D.'s life has been a most eventful one, and we could detail it pretty accurately if it was necessary and our space would permit. He is now an old man, in the sere and yellow leaf—possesses a great deal of mental activity—is full of crotchets and theories on nearly every imaginable question, and richly earned the title of "Agitator" by which he was long and familiarly known. Yet he is a man of the best intentions, the most kindly impulses, and the most remarkable conversational acquirements. If he should ever get into Congress, of which we suppose he has no hope, Tom Benton's famous speech on "the tax on salt," which we believe *was* finally concluded, would be a mere trifle in point of length to the one that John Dougherty *could* and *would* deliver in favor of issuing untold millions of greenbacks, or, as Ben Butler now calls them, *"flat* money." We have a very warm feeling for the old gentleman, yet when we heard of his nomination we could scarcely refrain from regretting that to such base uses he has come at last.

—We understand that Mr. A. D. Criste, of Munster township, has announced himself as an independent candidate for County Treasurer. In 1873 Mr. C. was the Democratic nominee for the same office, and after a bitter and exciting contest was elected by the small majority of *twenty-eight* votes. We will do him the justice to say that he discharged the duties of the office with credit to himself and satisfaction to the people.—He was a candidate before the last Democratic county convention for a renomination, but the delegates to that body, believing that the Democracy of the county had amply compensated him for his services to the party, refused to recognize his pretensions to the office, and conferred the honor upon another gentleman. Of course any Democrat has a *legal* right to become a candidate for a county office without having first received a nomination for it, but we deny, as we have always denied, that any man worthy of being called a Democrat, has the shadow of a right to ask a nomination from a county convention, and having failed to get it, then attempt to defeat the choice of the party by setting himself up as a volunteer candidate. Mr. Criste, it seems, has now done this, and we have no doubt the Democracy of the county will give his case their special attention at the coming election.

—If the item in our local department last week tendering a couple columns for the use of our Greenback friend, Mr. John M'Cormick, has had the effect of stirring up some parties who are personally interested in the success of the Democratic ticket, and inducing something like an active campaign, as we certainly hoped it would, the announcement has not been unproductive of some very needful results. That such has been the effect we have reason to believe, and now that the good work has seemingly commenced in earnest the friends of the FREEMAN may rest assured that it will not be found wanting in the performance of its duty to the Democratic party. At most, there was no intention to permit the use of our columns for any purpose other than a discussion of what the new party calls its code of principles, and in that we had no reason to believe, and don't believe, that the cause of Democracy had or has anything to lose. Others there are who seem to think differently, and as we are unwilling to lay ourself open to the charge of putting a stumbling-block in the way of Democratic success, and at any rate didn't make any promise as to the time when the new departure was to be taken, we leave the matter for the present in abeyance. Meantime, if the Greenback-Labor men think they ought to have a hearing, they should come down with the "stamps" and enable Mr. M'Cormick, who is able and anxious, to establish a paper devoted to the advocacy of a cause which they seem, or at least pretend, to have so much at heart.

ANOTHER OLD AND PROMINENT CITIZEN GONE TO REST.—Captain James Murray died at his residence in this place, about 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning last, in the 74th year of his age. He was the eldest son of the late Hon. John Murray, who came to this place from Bedford county when the deceased was an infant in his mother's arms. His father having established a tannery here, his son at the proper age learned the business, and for many years superintended the establishment. In 1843 he was elected Sheriff of Cambria county, and when the Mexican war broke out the Cambria Guards, of this place, of which organization he was captain, having been accepted by the Governor as one of the companies of the 2d Pennsylvania Regiment, he went with his command to Vera Cruz, and served under General Scott in that officer's wonderful and triumphant march from the gulf coast to the city of Mexico. Before the close of the war he was compelled on account of ill-health, to resign his position and return home. For several years after that he was engaged with Mr. G. C. K. Zahm, of this place, in the mercantile business, and for the last eleven years was associated with Dr. Wm. Lemmon in the conducting of a drug, book and variety store. Previous to embarking in this latter business, however, he served, in the year 1860, as one of the census marshals of this county, and when the war of the rebellion broke out he once more buckled on the armor, and served as First Lieutenant of the "Silver Grays," a company which was largely composed of men from this county advanced in life, and which was stationed at Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg. After the "Grays" were disbanded, he raised a company partly in this county and the residue in other localities, was assigned to one of the Pa. Regiments, and spent several months in the service in north-eastern Virginia, when sickness compelled his resignation and return home.

Captain Murray was emphatically a gentleman of the old school, the possessor of many very excellent traits of character, a consistent, faithful and exemplary member of the Catholic Church, and an upright, peaceable and progressive citizen. Being all this, he could not fail to enjoy, as he certainly did, the respect and esteem of all who knew him. His aged widow and one son and daughter are left to mourn a loss which they cannot but deeply feel.

At 10 o'clock yesterday forenoon the mortal remains of this venerable and worthy man, accompanied by many sorrowing relatives and sympathizing friends, were taken to the Church of the Holy Name, where a Requiem Mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Boyle and an eloquent and impressive sermon, principally devoted to the all-important subject of death, was delivered by Rev. Father McCarthy, of St. Augustine, after which the last religious rites were performed, and the body laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery near the church, from whence we trust it will be called at the last great day to a blissful immortality.

—Jacob Fry, a repair hand on the Pa. R. R., was struck, knocked from the track, and so badly injured by the Johnstown Accommodation, at Ninevah station on Wednesday morning last, that he died soon after.

BOROUGH AND TOWNSHIP ACCOUNTS.—That the publication in the newspapers each year of the financial condition of the several boroughs and townships in this and other counties of the commonwealth is required by law, and that simple statements printed and posted up will not suffice, may be learned from the following which we find in the Altoona *Tribune* of recent date:

A good deal has been written and printed in regard to the publication of the accounts of boroughs and townships. The law plainly requires, according to one of our exchanges which has given the subject considerable investigation, the auditors of the several boroughs and townships to publish a statement of their accounts respectively at the close of each fiscal year, which previous to 1876 was in June. We so stated in previous years, but there were persons, and lawyers, too, who had not given the subject a minute's attention, who argued that the law did not require any publication other than a written statement posted up in the borough or township. A case was tried in Northumberland county, involving a neglect of auditors to publish in the papers, and after a thorough examination the court decided against the auditors and fined them $20 each. In Allegheny county a like case was tried and with a like result. It was all along clear to us that publication in the papers was necessary. The reason why people thought a publication by written or printed statement put up in the borough or township was a sufficient compliance with the law was because the act of 1874 so stated, but the proviso to the act says as follows:

Nothing in this act shall be construed to interfere with the present law, which requires annual statements of the receipts and expenditures of the borough councils, road commissioners, supervisors, overseers of the poor and school directors to be advertised in the weekly papers of the county.

From this it is clear that the written or printed statement to be put up in the borough or township is a publication in addition to the publication in the newspapers, for were it not so the act itself would be practically of no effect. Several laws have been passed upon this subject since 1874, and the whole of them sum up thus:

First. The auditors are required in each borough and township to settle the accounts thereof, and publish the same not only in newspapers, but also by written or printed statements put up in the most public places in the boroughs and townships as soon after the close of the fiscal year, which is on the first Monday in April, as possible.

Second. If the borough or township is in debt, has a funded or floating debt, it must be included in the statement, together with the valuation of property, etc., and published in at least two newspapers, and embraced in the written or printed statement also.

It is necessary that the auditors of the respective boroughs and townships should go to work at once and settle the accounts as they are in duty bound to do, and have them published as the law directs. When the borough or township has no indebtedness, neglect to publish incurs a fine of twenty dollars; but if the borough or township is in debt the neglect incurs a fine of one thousand dollars. We would advise those who read this article to cut it out and preserve it, so that it may be had for reference.

A "CROOK"-ED STORY ABOUT A GREASED PIG.—*How a Cambria County Boy Fared at the Altoona Fair.*—The following, furnished us for publication, tells a tale (pig's tail) of official Crook-edness which, if true, certainly disa-*grease* with the generally accepted rules of fair play, even at a county fair:

About half-past 4 o'clock Friday afternoon, Oct 4th, all was excitement on the Blair county fair grounds, and here and there were to be seen people rushing from different parts of the enclosure, and all inclined to one centre, while vehicles of nearly every description were hurrying out of the way of the excited crowd. Ladies and children were meantime screaming and crying, yet there was a good sprinkling of the fair sex mixed up with the moving mass. And, lo! what was the cause of all this uproar? Nothing more nor less than a pig race! Yes, a shaved and greased grunter was to be run for, and the lucky individual that caught and held his pigship was to keep him and receive $5 into the bargain as a premium.

After all was ready and the police and other officials had succeeded in getting the crowd back, and a ring formed around those who were to run for the pig, (no one being allowed to run except those who had left their names at the judges' stand,) Mr. Pig was let loose and all ran helter skelter in hot pursuit. After several vain attempts by various parties to capture him, Frank Crook, of Barr township, caught and held the porker. Then there were cries of "Foul play!" "Let him go!" but Frank's partner was behind him and exclaimed, "Hold on to him, Frankey, by gosh!" and Frank did hold on to him for about fifteen minutes, when a piece of strap was handed to him by his "butty" and quickly fastened to piggy's leg. In the meantime rivals who had come out second best in the race, and who were jealous because a stranger was about to get away with the prize, excited the crowd by their cries of "Foul play!" "Make him let the hog go!" etc., and tried to shove one another on Frank, the honest farmer boy of Barr township, in hopes of breaking his hold on the pig, but by dint of shoving, tugging and pulling Frank and his "butty" got the pig out of a crowd of about one thousand people. Still the game was not secure, for when they got to the gate for the purpose of leaving the fair ground, the gate keepers refused to let them out with the hog, as one of the contestants had hastened to the judges' stand to say that Frank Crook had used rosin on his hands, and that he (the aforesaid contestant) had his hands on the hog's rump at least once, and thought if he had had rosin on his hands he could have held the pig too. Frank Crook thereupon offered to strip himself of all unnecessary garments, and run for the pig again, guaranteeing to catch and hold him a second time if they were not satisfied. They then claimed that the hog could not run fast enough for another race. (Poor excuse); and yet it was good enough for the Altoonians to use for the purpose of affording an excuse for keeping the $5 back, and only allow Frank to keep the hog. Crook also proposed to climb the greased pole, and get his $5 up there, but the judge said, "No! no! young man, you are a little too sharp; you carry rosin in your pockets." "Yes," says Frank, "I am supposed to carry it, as I am a fiddler; but what has that to do, with catching the hog, or climbing the pole?" [Loud laughter and hearty cheers for Frank.] The judge thereupon walked off, no doubt consoling himself, with the thought that he had chiseled one man out of $5. A fair judge for a county fair is he.

GRAND MUSICAL COMBINATION.—For the first time in the history of this city, says the Pittsburgh *Commercial Gazette*, do we find the four most renowned American Pianos represented by one and the same music house. We refer to the great Steinway Pianos, the celebrated Chickering Pianos, the old-established Decker & Sons' Pianos, and the popular Lindeman Pianos, which all four of them have now been placed under sole control of our oldest and best reputed music firm, Messrs. H. Kleber & Bro., No. 122 Wood street, Pittsburgh. These four makers have made a splendid reputation all over this country and in Europe, and they have stood the test of time longer and better than any of their late rivals and imitators. No piano can be pronounced good unless fully tried by *time*, and the above have been tested, respectively, for from 25 to 45 years. The Messrs. Kleber & Bro., are proud to know that all of the great American piano makers are now exclusively represented by them, and that persons desiring to buy untried, unreliable and unseasonable pianos will have to apply to some of the smaller dealers in the city. Their warerooms, *five* large floors, are filled with the most splendid stock of first-class pianos and Burdett organs ever offered here, and they are put at prices so reasonable, and on such easy terms, as to defy competition.

Kleber & Bro. sell lower than any other House in the West—and on easier monthly payments. All instruments warranted for *eight years*. Buy at Kleber's, and save from 30 to 40 per cent. Don't forget the place, 122 Wood street. [10-11.-2:.]

A REMARKABLE RESULT.—I makes no difference how many Physicians, or how much medicine you have tried, it is now an established fact that German Syrup is the only remedy which has given complete satisfaction in severe cases of Lung Diseases. It is true there are yet thousands of persons who are predisposed to Throat and Lung Affections, Consumption, Hemorrhages, Asthma, Severe Colds settled on the Breast, Pneumonia, Whooping Cough, &c., who have no personal knowledge of Boschee's German Syrup. To such we would say that 50,000 dozen were sold last year without one complaint. Consumptives try just one bottle. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by Lemmon & Murray, Ebensburg, and by all the other Druggists in America.

DEATH OF A FORMER EBENSBURG LADY.—We learn from Judge Rees J. Lloyd that his eldest sister, Mrs. Margaret Hughes, died in Millburn, Lake county, Illinois, on Friday last, in the 69th year of her age. She was married in this place in 1840 to David H. Hughes, and in 1844 they removed to Illinois, where they continued to reside on a farm until about six years ago, when Mr. Hughes died, and Mrs. H. thereupon moved to Millburn, a few miles distant. Five children survive her, all of whom are married and reside in Lake county. Those of our citizens who knew her, and there are many here and in the neighborhood yet who remember her well in her younger days, will hear of her death with sincere regret.

Letter from California.

TURLOCK, Stanislaus Co., Cal., Sept. 22, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and the grain is saved. I cannot say so much for the people. They were melancholy last year—they are proud this year—but their hearts are not as thankful as they should be. We have escaped floods, fires, and rust. We have had rain, and warmth, and sunshine. We have had health, strength, and plenty. We hear of famine in other lands, and we should be sorry. We hear of floods, and we should feel regrets. We hear of fearful storms and we should be astounded. We hear of plagues, and we should be appalled. Our sympathy does not go out to other lands and other people. Our gratitude for a safe deliverance from all these things does not go up, in the incense of thanks, to the Author of all good. True, here and there, like an oasis in the desert, we find a grateful, thankful heart, but the majority, "eat bread as my people, yet on God do not call.

We have had no rain since April, hence our roads are like ashes, or like your roads to a fair ground in the dry days of September. I walk day by day three miles in dry, ashy dust, shoe-mouth deep, yet there is no sickness worth the mention. We are furnished with green fruit from the rivers and mountains, or foot-hills—such fruit as grapes, melons, apples, peaches, pears, figs, apricots, &c.—and we eat plentifully of it, yet no one gets sick. We have used many cucumbers, but we are none the worse of it. Such a long drought as we have each summer would, in the States, most certainly produce sickness.

The State Fair at Sacramento closed yesterday, after having been open one week. There was a grand display of fruits and stock, women and babies, mechanics and machinery. Handsome ladies bore off all the prizes. The best butter was made by the handsomest lady. Who would expect a homely lady to make good butter? On the men's side, or in the male department, the richest men get the greatest prizes. Who could expect a poor man to elbow his way through a State Fair? This is not a peculiar feature of our State Fair. It is so wherever one goes. It is not the rule to be just. Favoritism rules all such gatherings. Still Fairs are useful. A stranger can, at a glance, see the products of the country in which such a Fair is held, and from this can draw his conclusions in regard to the thrift and prosperity of the people. Further than this, they excite a wholesome emulation and competition.

We had good crops this year. Our men raised about 50,000 bushels of wheat and 2,000 bushels of barley, besides fifty tons of hay—barley hay. Our neighbors had equally good luck. All are flush of funds and seem happy. Wheat sells at about one dollar a bushel—say from ninety to ninety-six cents, payable in gold coin. Gold is the money in use here, though the silver dollars and greenbacks are at par with gold. For convenience I should prefer paper money, when at par with hard money. But a regular Californian has a suspicion that greenbacks may depreciate, and, hence, prefers the yellow metal.

Now that the wheat is sold, there is a lull in the times—a kind of breathing spell—before plowing commences, which will be after the first good rain falls. And the people need a rest. The last four months kept everybody busy all the time and fourteen hours every day at that. I never saw so much work done in four months, in any neighborhood, not even excepting the Cambria Iron Works, where labor is systematized. There they have two sets of laborers, one for day and one for night.—Here we have but one set. It is true we are aided greatly by machinery, but muscle has to be constantly applied. The amount of grain that was cut, threshed and hauled to the railroad in this county, amounts to about seven million bushels. It takes work to amass this from single heads of wheat and barley. Some grain has to be hauled twenty miles. Threshing is hard work. When one man piles away from one thousand to fifteen hundred sacks of wheat in a day he feels like taking a rest. The same may be said of the sack sewer, the sack filler, the pitchers, the firemen, and others. To carry sacks one day is nothing, but to continue every day for two or three months, with an average of twelve hundred sacks per day, tells on the muscles of any human being.

In a new country like this money seems to be the only object. It is different in places long settled. There people think something about improvements, such as churches and the like. Here it is money and wheat, wheat and money; or, in short, money, money, money.

We have a little Sunday school running, which teaches the youth here, some twenty or thirty in number, to respect that day at least, and, perhaps, to make some other impressions, before the "evil days come, and the years draw nigh, when they will say they have no pleasure in them." Adieu! I may visit you next spring.

RON ROY.

Letter from Michigan.

BASS LAKE, Mich., Oct. 7, 1878.

DEAR FREEMAN—Allow me space for a few lines and I will try to give you an item or two of interest.

The county fair came off last week. It would be worth your while to pay a visit to a backwoods fair. There was some good stock on exhibition, principally from the south-eastern part of the State. One of the most amusing transactions of the commissioners was the paying out of two thirty dollar premiums to two of northern Michigan's fair daughters, who had brass enough to stand up and go through the matrimonial drill in front of the judges' stand, and in presence of upwards of four thousand people. The officiating clergyman (?) kissed the brides, after which they went on their way rejoicing. The races were hotly contested, the fastest time (2.39½) being made by "Sterling Bay" of Grand Rapids.

The lumbermen of this district are making preparations for the winter campaign, and next week there will be thousands of men put in the woods. Some of the mills are still running, and as they cut out the old stock the crews are sent into the woods to fit up the new one. Consequently there are not many changes in the crews from last to this year. The new mill at this place is running at an average of thirty-five thousand feet per day. We had a slight smash up a few days ago, which completely drenched W. S. Landen, principal engineer, and was caused by blowing the top off the pony pump. Nothing serious.

Ex-Commissioner James W. Nesson, of your county, called to see us while on his way to Big Rapids, as did also Thos. Dodson and Wm. Douglass, of Chest Springs. They were welcome guests.

All the Cambria boys at this point are now in fine health. Some of them have had the ague, but in no case did the disease continue long. We are right in the midst of the ague season just now, but with care will be able to fight it off.

Following is a correct statement of the shipments per Grand river for the season and up to the first of September: Lumber, 238,378,693 feet; pieces of lath 30,483,300; Shingles, 996,712,380; staves, 2,767,020. This is only a small per centage of the product of the lumber district of this State. All along the line of the different railroads the timber is being used up, and when this is done the land is cleared up and made to yield from twenty to thirty-five bushels of wheat per acre.

Stump land sells here for from eight to twelve dollars per acre, and timber land from forty to eighty dollars per acre, according to the timber and lay of the land. The prices of grain vary here as elsewhere. Wheat sells at present from 85 to 98 cents per bushel; corn 45 to 50; rye 40; oats 30; and potatoes from 20 to 30.

The FREEMAN reaches us very regular, which induces us to think sometimes that Mc., like some of the girls, has gone back on us.

More in the future, maybe.

Yours, &c., EGBOEG.

Local Correspondence.

LORETTO, Oct. 1, 1878.

EDITOR FREEMAN—After a pleasant sojourn of several weeks in this lovely mountain village, where the beauty of nature makes one dream, like Mythagoras, of the "music of the spheres," and of uniting one's reveries, with the sweet tones of Æolean harps, we come to say farewell;—"a word that makes us linger still—farewell;" but before doing so must make special mention of kindness, courtesy and attention which we received from the citizens of Ebensburg while on a brief visit to that charming town. Of the ladies whom it was our privilege to meet it is needless to say their popularity is well deserved. Highly cultured, skilled in the requirements of society, bounding their lives by the sacred impulses of noble womanhood, they justly claim a foremost place among Pennsylvania's most endeared productions.—Of the young gentlemen with whom we had the honor of an acquaintance, it is not ours now to say that they have all the elements of refinement in their natures, and bearing the stamp of nature's royalty, they possess in no ordinary degree the qualities which characterize the true gentleman, while they understand that rare gift and essence of true politeness which makes the stranger of yesterday the friend of to-day. Polite, courteous and gentlemanly to all their actions, such men would be an acquisition in any branch of business, and adorn any circle in life. We must confess that as we looked at them, and noted with admiration the many admirable qualities which has endeared them to a large circle of friends, our thoughts were somewhat of Enid's, "Was ever man so grandly made as he?" No wonder we wished our visit of longer duration, for the parting gave us pain. After visiting the different places of interest we bade adieu to our friends with the hope that we might meet soon again. We are none of us ossified as yet, and we are too much of epicures to our tastes not to wish to see more of those for whom we entertain such golden opinions. In the great city of Gotham, whence our steps are now directed, Ebensburg shall ever find a prominent place in the memory of LITTLE FRAUD.

They seemed to [illegible] the whalers to catch their victim noosed rope and stupefy them with a form. Continue to be a good whale, glad that you are not a whale.

POSITIVELY THE LARGEST, FINEST AND CHEAPEST

—STOCK OF—

FALL and WINTER

CLOTHING!

EVER BROUGHT TO JOHNSTOWN

—CAN NOW BE SEEN AT—

L. M. WOOLF'S

POPULAR ONE-PRICE

[illegible] is now pursued, but which a few years ago was without roads and without industrial works, covered with water during a part of the year, a prey every Autumn to the pestilential fevers of the marshes, and but lately counting one pauper to every three inhabitants. In this wilderness of poverty and want Sister Milcent has for forty long years devoted her life to the care of the poor, to

The Standing Rules of which are:

Positively One Price to Everybody,

AND NO DEVIATION!

MONEY RETURNED IN ALL CASES

WHERE THE GOODS DO NOT PROVE SATISFACTORY!

L. M. WOOLF,

THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND AND ONE-PRICED CLOTHIER!

NEXT TO JOHN THOMAS',

Main Street, - - - Johnstown.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1878.—4m.

The GREAT FAVOR

—WITH WHICH—

THE PEOPLE HAVE RECEIVED

—OUR EFFORTS TO—

ESTABLISH ON EQUITABLE PRINCIPLES

—THE—

GRAND DEPOT

DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE

HAS STIMULATED US TO MAKE NEW IMPROVEMENTS THROUHOUT THE HOUSE.

WE INVITE THE PEOPLE OF THIS SECTION TO VISIT US, AND SEE HOW EASY, PLEASANT AND SAFE IT IS TO DO THEIR BUYING AT 13TH & MARKET, PHILA.

John Wanamaker.

TIP-TOP DRESSING

CAN ONLY BE WELL DONE

When the New Suit is gotten from WANAMAKER & BROWN

OAK HALL

Undoubtedly THE LARGEST, THE BEST, The most reliable Clothing House.

S. E. COR. 6TH & MARKET ST.

PHILADELPHIA.

HYMENEAL.

YEAGER—REILLY.—Married at Nuptial Mass, in St. Mary's church, Hollidaysburg, on Wednesday morning, Oct. 2, 1878, by Rev. Thos. Walsh, Mr. MICHAEL A. YEAGER, of Altoona, and Miss MAGGIE REILLY, of the former place.

OBITUARY.

WISSINGER.—Died, in Blacklick township, on Tuesday, Oct. 8, 1878, FLORENCE M., daughter of I. N. and Anna M. Wissinger, aged 5 years and 8 months.

BEWARE!—I hereby caution all persons against meddling or otherwise interfering with three milch cows, two spring calves, a lot of feed, corn and hay, and various articles of household furniture, now in possession of Jacob Burgoon, as I bought said property at private sale and have left it with him during my pleasure. A. J. BURGOON.

WOODEN SHOE MAKERS.

We take from Chambers' *Journal* the following account of he wooden shoe makers: Let us decribe a party of wooden shoe makers, or as they are termed, *sabotiers*, at work near a clear stream. The whole family are together; the father with his son and son-in-law, the mother and children running about in the beds of cress. Under the trees rises a hut of planks, wattle all sleeps; not far off, the two mules which carry the belongings of the encampment are tethered. They are birds of passage, traversing the the forest, and sojourning where the wood is cheap. In this green combe several fine beech trees are marked for the axe; they are fifty feet high, and three feet in girth. Each will probably give six dozen pairs of wooden shoes. Other kinds of wood are spongy and soon penetrate with damp; but the beech *sabots* are light, of close grain, and keep the feet dry in spite of snow and mud; and in this respect are greatly superior to leather. All is animation. The men cut down the tree; it is sawn into lengths, and if the pieces prove too large, they are divided into quarters. The first workman fashions the sabots roughly with a hatchet, taking care to give the bend [illegible] an open border round the edge, so that a blue or white stocking may be shown by a coquettish girl. As they are finished they are placed in rows under the white shavings; twice a week the apprentice exposes them to a fire, which smokes and hardens the wood, giving it a warm golden hue. The largest sizes are cut from the part of the bole, to cover the workman's feet who is out in the rain from morning to night. The middle part is for the busy housewife who is treading the wash-house, the dairy, or stands beside the village fountain. Next comes those of the little shepherd who wanders all day long with his little flock, and still smaller ones for the schoolboy. Those for the babies have the happiest lot; they are seldom worn out. As the foot grows, the mother keeps the little *sabots* in a corner of her cupboard beside the baptismal robe. Long after, when the child has become a man, and his chair is vacant by the hearth, they are drawn out to be looked at, sometimes with a smile, too often with tears. During all his toils the workman talks and sings; he is not taciturn like the charcoal burner; his muscles, continually in action, his work in the open air, keep him in good temper, and give him refreshing sleep and appetite. He sings like a linnet, while the women chatter and mend the family garments. When the trees have all been cut up, the camp is raised, and the mules are loaded, adieu to the green hollow, and another place is sought for. Thus all the *year* long, whether the forest be tinted with pale spring verdure, or covered with the yellow autumn leaves, in some corners will be heard the workers, busy as bees in a hive, gayly carrying on their simple healthy forest life.

A HOME-MADE TELEPHONE.—Take two half gallons (or quart) tin fruit cans and take the bottoms out of them. Now take a couple of hair cigar boxes, tack down the lids and cut a hole through the bottom and lid of each, so you can fit in your cans, first bringing the ends level with the lid or bottom. Now stretch wet rawhide, parchment or bladder over the other end and tie tight and let it dry, and your speaking tubes are finished. Now take two-ply of shoe thread and wax it well, making it as long as you wish it. Punch a hole in the centre of the parchment head, poke the end of the string through and put a knot on it to keep it from pulling back. Then put up your string like a telegraph wire, but don't let it touch wood. Where you wish to support it or make a turn, run it through a loop of the same kind of string it is, but don't put the supporting loops closer together than is necessary to keep it up, and leave the string pretty loose to allow for contraction when wet. Fasten up your speaking tubes at each end of the route, and you are ready to gabble away. You can bore large gimlet holes in your window sash to run the line through, keeping it from touching the sash with a loop as described. The signal call is to drum on the parchment end of the can with your fingers, or better pick the string like a harp about a foot from the head. They are very useful and interesting.

A REMEDY FOR SLEEPLESSNESS.—When ready for bed sit down in an easy position, relaxing all the muscles of the body, and let the head drop forward upon the breast, as low as it will fall without forcing it. Sit quietly in this way for a few minutes, letting all the will power off the body, and a restful, drowsy feeling will ensue, which will, if not disturbed, lead to refreshing sleep. If the sleepless fit comes on in the night one can simply sit up in the position described. Stiffness of any part of the body must be avoided, and it is well to bend the body forward after lying down, rather than keep it straight or thrown back upon the pillow. The writer suffered several years from sleeplessness, caused by severe pain and nervousness, and was taught the above by a physician of great experience and ability, and found through it complete relief. Many persons similarly afflicted within the writer's knowledge have tried it, and always with good result.—*Kansas City Sunday Journal.*

AUDITORS.

PHILIP. D. SKELLY, Portage Twp.;
PATRICK DILLON, Elder Twp.

We have only space, briefly to give the latest returns from Tuesday's elections. In Ohio the Republican State ticket is elected by probably 7,000, while the Democrats elect 11 Congressmen to 9 Republicans. [illegible] Dill was engaged in doing all these things, now so dreadful in Republican estimation, but asserts its ability to maintain them by competent proof. Andrew H. Dill was born (if he was ever born at all, which the Republican papers at the outset denied, because he first saw the light of day beneath [illegible] ture of Why thi "proof" i to Senate charge an hundred t ing it wit tive whic is only to *and by de proof Sen*

General Election Proclamation.

[*God Save the Commonwealth.*]

WHEREAS by an Act of the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the General Elections within this Commonwealth," it is enacted that the general election shall be held annually, and that the officers to be elected by the qualified electors of the several counties of this Commonwealth, at the general election to be held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday of November, A. D. 1878, the same being the Tuesday next following the first Monday of said month, at which time shall be elected the following officers, viz:

ONE PERSON for the office of Governor of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Lieutenant Governor of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Judge of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Secretary of Internal Affairs of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of member of the House of Representatives of the United States.

TWO PERSONS for the office of member of Assembly of Pennsylvania.

ONE PERSON for the office of Treasurer of Cambria county.

ONE PERSON for the office of Register of Wills, Recorder of Deeds, and Clerk of the Orphans Court of Cambria county.

THREE PERSONS for the office of Commissioner of Cambria county.

THREE PERSONS for the office of Auditor of Cambria County.

ONE PERSON for the office of Poor House Director of Cambria county.

ONE PERSON for the office of Surveyor of Cambria county.

I ALSO HEREBY MAKE KNOWN AND GIVE NOTICE, that the places for holding the aforesaid election in the several wards, boroughs, districts and townships within the said county are as follows, to wit:

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Cambria, to meet at the Court House in the borough of Ebensburg.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Carrolltown, to meet at the school house in the borough of Carrolltown.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Carroll, to meet at the school house in the borough of Carrolltown.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Chest, to meet at school house No. 9, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Chest Springs, to meet at the house of Andrew Wagner, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Clearfield, to meet at school house No. 2, adjoining the village of St. Augustine, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Conemaugh, to meet at school house at Seanor, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Conemaugh, to meet as follows: First Ward, at the house of Peter Muntz, in said ward; Second Ward, at the house of John Swartzman, in said ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Dean, to meet at Richland's school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of East Conemaugh, to meet at the house of Daniel Custer, deceased, in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Ebensburg, to meet as follows: East Ward, in the Court Room in said ward; West Ward, in Graham's Livery Room, in the East Ward.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Ebensburg, to meet at the school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Elder, to meet at the house of Joseph Hite, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Franklin, to meet at the school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Gallitzin, to meet at Summerhill school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Hastings, to meet at the school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Jackson, to meet at the house of Joseph Barker, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Johnstown, to meet at the school house in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Lower Yoder, to meet at the house of Jacob Stoyer, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Middle Taylor, to meet at the house of Peter Hoover, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Munster, to meet at the house of Augustine Dutton, in the village of Munster, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Allentown, to meet as follows: First Ward, at the house of [illegible] Second Ward, at the house of [illegible]

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Prospect, to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Portage, to meet at the school house near the village of Portage.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Richland, to meet at the house of Joseph Hite, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Stonycreek, to meet at Jacoby's school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Summerhill, to meet at the Summerhill school house, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Summerville, to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Susquehanna, to meet at the house of Michael Platt, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Taylor, to meet at the school house near Wm. Hendrick's, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the borough of Upper Yoder, to meet at the school house in said borough.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Washington, to meet at the school house at the foot of Plane No. 4, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of White, to meet at the house of John Beers, in said township.

The electors of the district composed of the township of Yoder, to meet as follows: First Division, at the public house of Jacob Ream, in said township; Second Division, at Bheam's school house, in said township.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

Is hereby directed to Article VIIIth of the new Constitution, certain sections of which read as follows:

SEC. 1. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First—He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second—He shall have resided in the State one year (or if having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third—He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth—If twenty-two years of age, or upward, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been paid at least one month before the election.

SEC. 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot. Every ballot voted shall be numbered in the order in which it shall be received, and the number recorded by the election officers on the list of voters, opposite the name of the elector who presents the ballot. Any elector may write his name it, on his ticket, or cause his name to be written thereon and attested by a citizen of the district. The election officers shall be sworn or affirmed not to disclose how any elector shall have voted unless required to do so as a witness in a judicial proceeding.

SEC. 5. Electors shall in all cases except treason, felony, and breach or surety of the peace, be privileged from arrest during their attendance on elections and in going to and returning therefrom.

SEC. 6. Whenever any of the qualified electors of this Commonwealth shall be in active military service, under a requisition from the President of the United States, or by authority from this Commonwealth, such electors may exercise the right of suffrage in all elections by the citizens, under such regulations as are or shall be prescribed by law, as fully as if they were present at their usual places of election.

SEC. 7. All laws regulating the holding of elections by the citizens, or the registration of electors shall be uniform throughout the State, and no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being registered.

SEC. 8. Any person who shall give or promise or offer to give to any elector any money, reward or other valuable consideration for his vote at any election, or for withholding same, or who shall give or promise to give such consideration to any other person or party for such elector to vote, or for the withholding thereof, and any elector [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]